

Per Annos



R. H. C.

1952

# Per Annos

June 1952

HONORARY EDITOR

Miss Gillard

EDITOR

Cynthia Molson

LITERARY EDITOR

Neville Robinson

SCHOOL YEAR EDITOR

Myrne Harris

ART EDITOR

Heather Allan

ADVERTISING EDITOR

Ann Henderson

PHOTOGRAPHY EDITOR

Mary Gilmour

ASSISTANTS

Suzanne Chester

Fiona Bogert

Alison Mackenzie

Penny Pasmore

FORM REPRESENTATIVES

MATRIC: Heather Rogers

VI A: Dorothy Johnstone

V A: Wendy Wilson

VI B: Judy Ogilvie

V B: Susan Kilgour

JUNIORS: Barbara Rooney

STAFF ADVISERS

Miss Morris

Miss Brand

Miss MacLennan

Miss Hughes



## Editorial

Remembrance is enchantment when years have softened the pain or embarrassment and mellowed the joy, when wisdom and experience can laugh tenderly at previous mistakes. The inner telescope picks out an outstanding event in the distant past and focuses the view until it shows in perspective a period of time—a month, a year, a decade—clearly outlined and uncluttered with insignificant detail. Such events are the core of remembrance; they are filed in a fireproof, shock-proof, portable safe always at hand.

In every heart some isolated memory of 1952 will remain—an adventure, a disaster, a failure, a success. Around these happenings you will later recreate the pattern of your year, just as now you remember 1945 as the year which saw the end of World War II. For us twenty-five Matrics who say a student's last farewell to King's Hall this June, 1952 will be unforgettable. This is a year of heartache and headache, of tears and laughter, of the bitter disappointment and rapturous joy of the young. It is a year of arduous work and seething ambition, of fear and hope, loneliness and companionship. We are leaving school, most of us forever. Our futures are unknown. What our vivid recollections will be of the latter half of the year it is not easy to say. Perhaps some of us will experience again that dreaded sensation of being an orphaned "new girl"; some may travel and some may become nurses. Whatever our individual memories will be, there will be those common to us all—our friends, our fun, our parting. This last will shine the clearest of all outlines of 1952, for our final departure as students from King's Hall will be as the shutting of a door opened only by the key of remembrance.

To the world at large 1952 still holds a host of surprises, even shocks, but for millions the world over, the focal point, the keystone of the telescopic view of this year will be our beloved King's death and the accession of his youthful daughter, Elizabeth II. May her reign be less troubled than that of her father, and may she live in happiness. God save the Queen!

We cannot thank Miss Morris, Miss MacLennan, Miss Brand and Miss Hughes enough for the many hours of thought and work they have spent in trying to make this magazine a success. In addition, we want to thank all the hard-working typists who gave much spare time to preparing the contents for the printers. Our thanks are especially due to the advertisers. Without them publication would have been impossible. We are grateful, too, for the co-operation of all the Staff and girls. Thank you, everyone. We hope you receive as much pleasure from reading *Per Annos* of 1952 as we had working on it.



## Miss Gillard's Letter

May 15, 1952

My Dear Girls:

On the cover of one of the folders in which School reports are kept is a picture entitled, "An Aristocrat Answering the Summons to Execution." It portrays a French nobleman walking leisurely and haughtily through the mob to the guillotine, head thrown well-back, and dressed with meticulous care to the last detail, even to the cane and dainty lace handkerchief. He exhibits no sign of fear before the sneering mob, and to the last lives up to his creed, "Noblesse Oblige."—a splendid example of physical courage.

But it is of another kind of courage I am writing to you—moral courage. Many of us are capable of facing great issues with fortitude, but we fail dismally when asked to meet the petty difficulties, and to perform the simple tasks of our commonplace, hum-drum lives.

Our late King, His Majesty George VI, gave to the world a splendid example of moral courage. He was called to fill a great position (and one which he neither desired nor expected), and in spite of a great physical handicap, and health that was not robust, he carried his responsibilities nobly and humbly through the most trying time in Britain's history. Why was he mourned by the whole world? What was the secret of his greatness? It lay in his unswerving devotion to duty, his forgetfulness of self; his complete sincerity; his simplicity and humility; his love of his home and his family; his ability to distinguish between the important and the unimportant; his love and appreciation of simple things; and in his spiritual values.

The true greatness of a nation lies—not in spectacular displays of physical courage, nor in its material riches; but in the true worth of its people. A nation is only as great as its individual citizens. So this is an appeal to each one of you. You can all do your part in making Canada truly great, not by seeking wealth and social prestige, but by exhibiting those qualities of personal responsibility, sincerity, humility, love of simple things, good standards of personal living and firm spiritual values which are the manifestations of moral courage. Our late King proved that these qualities are not beyond the reach of an average human being, and by his life gave a deeper and finer meaning to "Noblesse Oblige."

Yours affectionately,

ADELAIDE GILLARD

## Head Girls



HEATHER ROGERS—"Roge"  
Hull, P.Q.

Head of MacDonald  
1948-52

"The most completely lost of all days is that  
on which one has not laughed."

Ambition:—Miss C.B.C.

Pet Aversion:—Exercise—Mental or Physical.

Favourite Expression:—"ZZZZ-T!"

Activities:—Music Club 1950-52; Current Events 1950-52; Choir  
1949-52; Dramatics 1951; Library Committee 1949-52; Form  
Captain 1949-50; Public Speaking 1952.



MYRNE HARRIS  
Beaupré, P.Q.

Head of Montcalm  
1946-52

Gentle of speech, but absolute of rule."

Ambition:—To be in the foreign embassy.

Pet Aversion:—Incessant gigglers.

Favourite Expression:—(Expressionless).

Activities:—Soccer, School 1951-52; House 1951-52; Music Club  
1950-52; Current Events 1950-52; Choir 1951-52; Dramatics  
1949-51; Ballet 1952; Form Sports Captain 1948-49.



ANN HENDERSON—"Hendy"  
Seigniory Club, P.Q.

Head of Rideau  
1947-52

"The mildest manners and the gentlest heart."

Ambition:—To speak French "comme une Parisienne."

Pet Aversion:—Screeching voices.

Favourite Expression:—"I expect so."

Activities:—Soccer, School 1949-52; House 1948-52; Basketball,  
House 1949-52; Ski Tests C, B; Ski Team 1952; Music Club  
1950-52; Current Events 1950-52; Choir 1950-52; Library Com-  
mittee 1949-52; Dramatics 1950; Form Captain 1951; Form  
Sports Captain 1948-50; Ballet 1952.

### THE HEAD GIRLS' REPORT

Again this year three Head Girls were chosen, thus giving each of us this position for one term of the school year, and relieving one girl of the complete responsibility that this office entails. We have felt that in each of our respective terms we have had the complete co-operation of the school and that you have helped us to carry on with a smile the duties of Head Girl as well as the duties of our House. Thank you, everyone; the experience has been both valuable and pleasant and we are very proud to have been your Head Girls.

## Prefects

BARBARA SHIPMAN—"Shippy" Prefect on MacDonald  
Donnacona, P.Q. 1951-52

Montcalm—1948-51

"If all the year were playing holidays, to sport  
would be as tedious as to work."

Ambition:—"Shippy Nightingale".

Pet Aversion:—The rattle of mice at night in the waste-basket.

Favourite Expression:—"Do you know what?"

Activities:—Soccer, School 1949-51; House 1948-51; Basketball,  
House 1948-50; Ski Tests, C.B; Music Club 1950-52; Cur-  
rent Events 1950-52; Choir 1950-52; Library Committee 1949-  
52; Dramatics 1951.

HEATHER ALLAN—"Al" Prefect on Montcalm  
Senneville, P.Q. 1947-52

"Born with a gift of laughter and a sense that  
the world is mad."

Ambition:—To sail beyond the sunset.

Pet Aversion:—People who ask her where she got her freckles!

Favourite Expression:—"It puts me off!"

Activities:—Soccer, House 1948-52; Current Events 1950-52;  
Library Committee 1948-52; Dramatics 1950-51; Ballet 1952;  
Music Club 1950-52; Ski Test C; Public Speaking 1952;  
Basketball, House 1950-52

PEGGY ROSS—"Peg" Prefect on Rideau  
Quebec, P.Q. 1949-52

"Judge not according to the appearance."

Ambition:—To invent a cure for "Bang's Disease."

Pet Aversion: Getting into her bath before it runs over.

Favourite Expression:—"Don't be such a dribble."

Activities:—Soccer, House 1949-52; Basketball, House 1949-52;  
Ski Tests C,B; Ski Team 1952; Current Events 1950-52; Music  
Club 1950-52; Library Committee 1950-52.

SUSAN MINNES—"Sue" MacDonald  
Ottawa, Ont. 1949-52

Sports Captain

"Her stature tall—I hate a dumpy woman!"

Ambition:—Art College.

Pet Aversion:—Cast and crutches.

Favourite Expression:—"That's for darn sure."

Activities:—Soccer, School, House 1949-52; Basketball, House  
1949-51; Winner of Badminton and Tennis Doubles 1949-50;  
Ski Tests C, B; Music Club 1951-52; Current Events 1950-52;  
Library Committee 1950-52; Form Sports Captain 1949-52

SIRI STROM—"Siri Dini" Rideau  
Stowe, Vermont 1948-52

Residence Captain

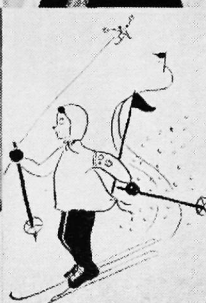
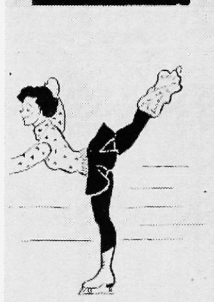
"Weep no more, Ladies, weep no more, for  
men are deceivers ever."

Ambition:—To plant the Norwegian Flag on top of Mt. Everest.

Pet Aversion:—Walking "the straight and narrow."

Favourite Expression:—"Ladies, please!"

Activities:—Soccer, House 1951; Basketball, House 1951; Ski  
Tests C, B; Ski Team 1952; Music Club 1950-52; Current  
Events 1950-52; Choir 1950-52; Dramatics 1951; Form Cap-  
tain 1948, 1951; Library Committee 1949-52.





## Form Captains

ANDREA RUTHERFORD—"Andy."  
Westmount, P.Q.

Rideau  
1950-52

"I laughed until I cried."

Ambition:—To be a nurse.

Pet Aversion:—Skiing on grass in winter.

Favourite Expression:—"Sorry I lost my head."

Activities:—Soccer, School, House, 1950-52; Basketball, School, House 1950-52; Badminton Singles 1951; Ski Tests C, B; Ski Team 1952; Music Club 1950-52; Current Events 1950-52; Form Captain 1950-52.

JANE TOWNSEND  
Westmount, P.Q.

MacDonald  
1949-52

"For every why there's a wherefore."

Ambition:—Bacteriologist.

Pet Aversion:—"Hot House Flowers."

Favourite Expression:—"I beg to differ . . . but!"

Activities:—Soccer, School, House, 1949-52; Basketball, School, House 1950-52; Ski Tests C, B; Music Club 1950-52; Current Events 1950-52; Dramatics 1951; Public Speaking 1952; Ballet 1952; Form Captain 1951-52.

## Matrices

JEAN CHAPLIN  
Abbotsford, P.Q.

Rideau  
1948-52

"Good health and good sense are two of life's main blessings."

Ambition:—To be a dietitian.

Pet Aversion:—Being late.

Favourite Expression:—"I haven't got a clue!"

Activities:—Soccer, House 1950-52; Music Club 1950-52; Public Speaking 1951; Prefect on Rideau 1950-52.

RAQUEL CHONCHOL—"Ray"  
Caracas, Venezuela.

Rideau  
1949-52

"I will drink life to the lees."

Ambition:—To be a second Epicurus."

Pet Aversion:—People who bother her while she's reading.

Favourite Expression:—"Love me?"

Activities:—Music Club 1950-52; Current Events 1950-52; Library Committee 1950-52; Ballet 1952.

BARBARA DRUMMOND—"Drum."  
Westmount, P.Q.

Rideau  
1948-52

"One can smile and smile and still be a villain."

Ambition:—To be able to type five words in five minutes.

Pet Aversion:—Rising when the breakfast bell goes!

Favourite Expression:—"Hi Chick."

Activities:—Soccer, School 1949-50, House 1951-52; Ski Tests C, B; Current Events 1950-52; Music Club 1950-51; Library Committee 1950-52.

ANN ENGLISH—"Eng."  
Boston, Mass.

Montcalm  
1947-52

"Deeper than e'er plummet soundeth will I drown my book."

Ambition:—To contact a flying saucer.

Pet Aversion:—Anything down to earth.

Favourite Expression:—"Let me tell you a joke."

Activities:—Music Club 1948-52; Current Events 1950-52; Library Committee 1949-52; Ski Test C; Dramatics 1951.

ISABEL FITZGERALD—"Izzie"  
Lachute, P.Q.

Montcalm  
1948-52

"Divinely tall, and most divinely fair."

Ambition:—To tour the world.

Pet Aversion:—Not making school teams.

Favourite Expression:—"For crying in the beer."

Activities:—Soccer, House 1951-52; Basketball, House 1951-52;  
Music Club 1950-52; Current Events 1950-52.

MAY GILBEY—"Vicky."  
Lennoxville, P.Q.

Montcalm  
1950-52

"A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse."

Ambition:—To be a good cook.

Pet Aversion:—People who borrow, but never return things!

Favourite Expression:—"Oh! Big Susan!"

Activities:—Soccer, House 1951; Music Club 1950-51; Current  
Events 1950-52.

MARY GILMOUR—"Mare"  
Hamilton, Ont.

MacDonald  
1948-52

"Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever."

Ambition:—To carry a light weight lamp.

Pet Aversion:—Holes in her black bloomers.

Favourite Expression:—"Oh crumb!"

Activities:—Soccer, School 1949-52, House 1949-52; Basketball,  
House 1952; Badminton Doubles, 1952; Ski Tests C, B; Music  
Club 1950-52; Current Events, 1950-52; Library Committee  
1951-52; Ballet 1952.

NANCY GILMOUR—"Nan."  
Hamilton, Ont.

MacDonald  
1949-52

"Give me some music."

Ambition:—Physiotherapy.

Pet Aversion:—Standing in line.

Favourite Expression:—"Is anyone going to study to-night?"

Activities:—Music Club 1949-52; Current Events 1949-52; Choir  
1949-52; Library Committee 1949-50; Dramatics 1949.

ANNE LUCAS—"Lukie."  
Town of Mount Royal, P.Q.

Rideau  
1949-52

"Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard are sweeter."

Ambition:—To sail the four winds and seven seas.

Pet Aversion:—People who don't like Anne Caruso Lucas.

Favourite Expression:—"Sacré Bleu!"

Activities:—Soccer, School, House 1949-51; Basketball, School,  
House 1951-52; Ski Test C; Music Club 1950-52; Current  
Events 1950-52; Choir 1951-52; Dramatics 1949-51; Public  
Speaking 1952; Ballet 1952.

CYNTHIA MOLSON—"Cynnie"  
Westmount, P.Q.

Montcalm  
1949-52

"To strive, to seek, to find—and then to marry."

Ambition:—To spew forth in the House of Commons.

Pet Aversion:—Patellae.

Favourite Expression:—"What do you want me to do about it?"

Activities:—Soccer, School 1951-52; House 1950-52; Basketball,  
School 1952, House 1950-52; Ski Tests C, B; Ski Team 1952;  
Dramatics 1949-51; Current Events 1950-52; Music Club 1950  
-52; Public Speaking 1952; Form Sports Captain 1951; Library  
Committee 1949-52.





MARGARET OGILVIE—"Marg."  
Westmount, P.Q.

Rideau  
1949-52

"The blush is beautiful, but it is sometimes inconvenient."  
Ambition:—Venetian side-walk artist.  
Pet Aversion:—Her aesthetic efforts.  
Favourite Expression:—"Clue up Archibald."  
Activities:—Soccer, House 1950-51; Basketball, House 1952;  
Ski Tests C, B; Music Club 1950-52; Current  
Events 1950-52; Library Committee 1950-52; Dramatics  
1950-51; Ballet 1952.



RENÉE PERRAULT—"Ren."  
Westmount, P.Q.

MacDonald  
1950-52

"Two blue eyes, saucy curl, teasing ways, what a girl."  
Ambition:—To outlive her nickname.  
Pet Aversion:—People who make noises from 10 p.m. to 8 a.m.  
Favourite Expression:—"You Shmoo Bo!!!!!"  
Activities:—Soccer, School, House 1950-52; Basketball, School,  
House, 1950-52; Ski Tests C, B; Music Club 1950-52; Current  
Events 1950-52; Ping-pong 1951; Ballet 1952.



MARYEL RAMSAY  
Ottawa, Ont.

Montcalm  
1950-52

"Much may be made of a Scotchman if he be caught young."  
Ambition:—To go to New Zealand.  
Pet Aversion:—Staying in one place longer than two years.  
Favourite Expression:—"I was just mad!"  
Activities:—Soccer, House 1950-52; Basketball, House 1950-52;  
Music Club 1950-52; Current Events 1950-52; Public Speaking  
1952; Ballet 1952.



NEVILLE ROBINSON—"Co-Co."  
Ottawa, Ont.

MacDonald  
1948-52

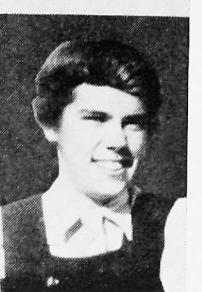
"What's yours is mine—What's mine's my own."  
Ambition:—To have some.  
Pet Aversion:—Candlelight.  
Favourite Expression:—"Don't be so filthy technical."  
Activities:—Soccer, House 1951; Ski Tests C, B; Music Club,  
1950-51; Current Events 1950-52; Choir 1949-52; Library  
Committee 1949-52; Head of Library 1950-51; Public Speak-  
ing 1952.



ANNE THORNTON—"Thumper."  
Summit, N.J.

MacDonald  
1947-52

"Her heart runs away with her head."  
Ambition:—Moose hunting in Newfoundland.  
Pet Aversion:—Ski Tows.  
Favourite Expression:—"Drop dead!"  
Activities:—Soccer, School 1948-52; House 1948-52; Music Club  
1950-52; Current Events 1950-52; Choir 1949-52; Dramatics  
1951; Form Sports Captain 1949; Ballet 1952.



MARY REID—"Reid"  
Westmount, P.Q.

MacDonald  
1948-52

Ambition:—Nurse.  
Pet Aversion:—"It's for your own good."  
Favourite Expression:—"I'm hungry."  
Activities:—Current Events 1950-52; Music Club 1950-52; Ski  
Test C; Basketball, House, 1949-51.

## History in the Making

Thirty years from now, 160 dejected schoolgirls of K.H.C. will survey with refined contempt a new history text book. The delicate sneers messing up the magnificent symmetry of their King's Hall features will be directed especially at the glossary of dates which they find at the end of this fate-fraught volume. How can *they* (what they're missing!) realize that almost all these dates concern 25 unsung heroines—the K.H.C. Matrices of a long time ago—1952. This is roughly how it will run:—

1954—Siri E. Strom published two books—a short history of her homeland, "Norway the Naughty" (banned in Boston), and an autobiography entitled "What a Cinch!" or "How I Will Win the '56 Skiing Olympics."

1955—A promising young scientist, Jane Townsend, discovered *Townsendium*, the miracle cure for not one, not two but EVERY disease known to mankind!

1956—The "Charleston Charmer," Renée Perreault, starred in the Academy Award film "Make Mine Montreal."

1957—An eventful year—Mary Gilmour co-starred with her camera in the current Broadway smash "I Have a Camera."

Cynthia Molson, clearly headed for poetess laureatecy or prime ministry, this year went mad when told that eighteen was *too young* to publish her six potential best-sellers, *Sir Lawrence and I in Covent Garden*, *Rendez-vous Politique* (three volumes), *Cuide Su Perro* (Spanish—Take Care of Your Dog), *For the Love of Hockey*, *First Impressions of Mars*, and, of course, that stirring novel, old faithful itself, *Nothing to Live For*. At last she will see Europe. She is going to a rest home—for the mentally deficient—in the Hebrides.

Barbara Drummond became "Miss Sun Tan of 1957." She won the contest in a novel costume including a white halter embroidered with the figure of a typewriter.

Heather Allan, artist extraordinary, managed to out-Da Vinci Da Vinci by capturing on canvas that mystical, inscrutable expression which sometimes appeared on the face of Anne Lucas. The painting was named the Mona Lucas. The model did not content herself with merely one or two careers—in addition to modelling and Sadler's Wells, it was Miss Lucas who designed the grey flannel space suit with raspberry red oxygen tank that Buck Rogers wore on his first flight.

1958—This year brought the untimely death of a struggling novelist, Neville Robinson, who returning from the fifth publisher to reject her book *Candlelight*, fell into an open manhole because she was not looking where she was going. R.I.P.

Andrea Rutherford became Andrea Allais, wife of the famed Emile Allais who, it is said, was first attracted to her as she flew past him down an Alp. The charming double ski-pole ceremony took place in early January.

1959—Peggy Ross was given a position at Harvard University to deliver a series of lectures on the care and control of diseases in domestic animals on which subject (Hoof and Mouth disease, Bang's disease, etc.) she is deservedly one of the world's experts.

Maryel Ramsay, missionary of note, was heartlessly murdered in the midst of her faithful native converts so that her home land could gain more privileges in South Africa. This is a blot on the fair face of history (and Miss Ramsay).

May Gilbey, blonde bombshell of the circus world, performed this year her historic act in which she rode five horses through a flaming hoop without singeing even a hair of her curly head. The horses were buried later.

1960—Heather Rogers, gallantly sacrificing her life's ambition to become a tennis and soccer champion, finally gave in to the pleas of the theatre-going public and made a grand tour (before the crowned heads of Europe) in the play that won her fame, "Call Me Zzzttie."

Interior Decorating history was made by Anne Thornton who, being asked to do the Senate Chamber in Washington, finished it in pinks and greens and soft yellows. When the Senate made the expected reaction to this, she just looked at them with her big blue eyes, and was asked to do the House of Representatives as well!

Raquel Chonchol, well-known South American radical reformer, retired to a home for aging spinsters in which she wrote her famous pamphlet "Sounds like South America Politics." This she dedicated simply—"To M. M."

Jean Chaplin is an example of Canadian talent emigrating (shame on her!) to the United States, to become dietitian-in-chief for Howard Johnson. This year a new flavour was added—apple!

Ann Henderson, Canadian Chief of Protocol, almost lost her position by defeating the Prime Minister at golf when he appeared on vacation at the Seignior Club.



1962—Barbara Shipman, Queen of the Underworld, organized a mass slaughter of innocent lambs to make exotic fur coats for her luxury-loving self, but was finally driven out of hiding by a very small rodent, namely, a mouse.

Mary Reid is continually disappearing from the sight of those searching for her. Latest reports have it that she goes off to Mars every now and then for a rest from the opposite sex.

1963—Anne English, top ambassador in the foreign service, returned from a visit to Moscow where she was sent to have a little heart-to-heart talk with Stalin about his manners and morals. We may look forward, thanks to her charm, to a world of peace.

Susan Minnes, Minister of Highways, turned her artistic flair from conventional to modern and won the Pepsi-Cola prize with her painting "Restless Life," a violent blaze of colour and pattern depicting something or other (the critics aren't sure, and Miss Minnes won't tell).

Isabel Fitzgerald, noted Newfoundland premier, wrote the cryptic poem destined to go down through the ages for its wealth of concealed meaning—"The Eyebrow." Even now, after nineteen years of trying to fathom it, critics have not yet grasped all that is meant by that "Eyebrow."

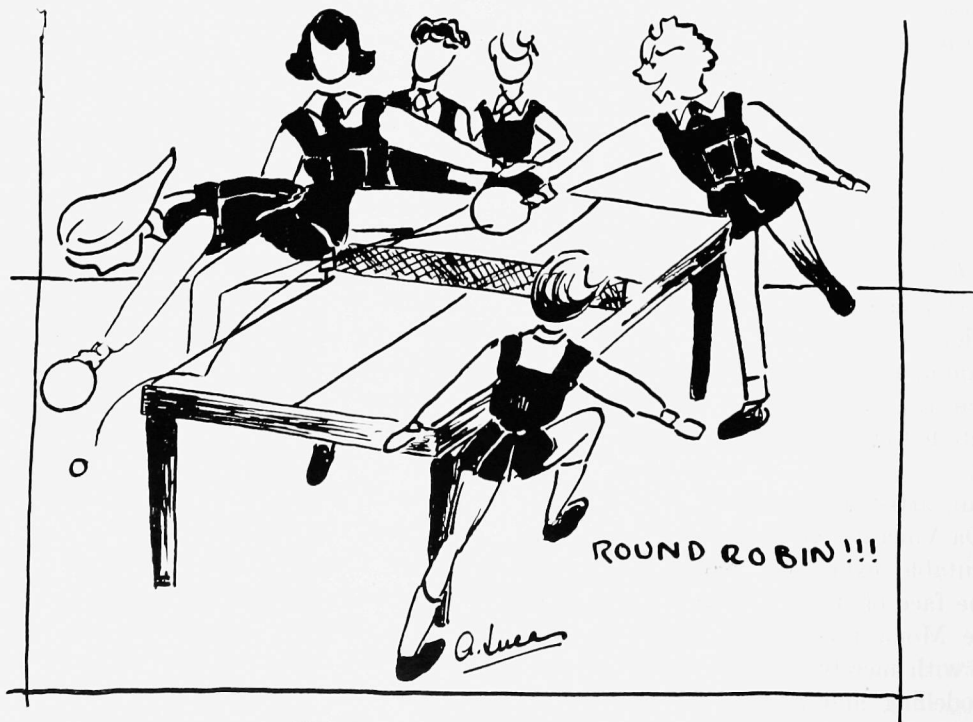
1967—Margeret Ogilvie accepted a position at Oxford as Assistant Professor of English, "Tactful Letters" division. This took up only half of her time, the other half being used to arrange a trip to Outer Mongolia, the only section of the world which, as yet, she has not visited.

Myrne Harris, industrial tycoon, established her 124th "Zestie" Fudge factory in this year and reported on a \$1,000,000 overhead profit from her "K.O.Sox" manufacturing plants.

Nancy Gilmour for years has baffled psychiatrists, psychologists and mind-readers with a unique complex which she possesses. No one can understand the fact that every time she hears recorded music, she must have a smocked dress or become hysterical.

And so, with the year 1967 the Glossary of Dates in this new History text-book—"The Age of Emanation, Evolution, and Extra Women" loses interest for those who knew the '52 Matrics, as all the truly historical figures have been accounted for. May we continue long and prosperously in the vocations with which we made our glorious names!

N. ROBINSON, Matric



SENIOR CARTOON WINNER



# WANTED

## VI A FORM REPORT

ANDERSON—alias "Heath." Size 10 shoes; hair recently "Tonied." CHARGE: disturbing the peace with snoring at 3 A.M.

BEATTIE—alias "B.B." 6 feet of dangling legs. CHARGE: buying one-way tickets to Montreal.

BOGERT—alias "Bogie." Pint-sized bundle of? CHARGE: having an affinity for pictures of Royalty.

CHESTER—blond tresses, usually wearing red cowboy boots. CHARGE: sitting at the back of class looking innocent.

DRUMMOND—alias "Sniffles." Wavy locks and a passion for oranges. CHARGE: asking 20 questions in 20 seconds.

EATON—the gay Paris look with a 21-inch waist. CHARGE: pounding the piano with her partner in crime at unseemly hours.

GARLAND—alias "Leafless Judy." Everything's "tremendous." CHARGE: reading the Standard instead of "Kenilworth."

GILL—alias "Gilly." A realistic poodle clip and a New Jersey accent. CHARGE: every crime in the book.

A. GORDON—alias "Gordie." A social butterfly with a duck tail. CHARGE: spending too much money on telephone calls and stamps.

L. GORDON—alias "Cardinal." Unique appearance topped off by a red mop. CHARGE: disturbing the peace every hour on the hour.

GRAY—alias "She-She." Big brown eyes and frank expression. CHARGE: making too many gentlemen's bets with members of the form.

HOPPER—alias "Hop-Hop." A card with an infectious laugh. CHARGE: distracting attention of well meaning students.

HEBDEN—alias "Fatty." A dreamy-eyed gal with a southern drawl. CHARGE: never missing a speck of dust in any cranny of her room.

HUNT—alias "Pete." An all-Canadian sports star. CHARGE: being a female Johnnie Ray.

JOHNSTONE—alias "Doro." The Ipana Girl with the Colgate smile. CHARGE: being 15¾ minutes late for breakfast every morning.

KING—alias "Kingfish." 5 foot 2", eyes of blue, with a distinguished nose. CHARGE: fishing out of season at Compton Lake.

MACKENZIE—alias "Al." A Rubinstein with a mass of freckles and a ski jump nose. CHARGE: exclaiming "oops" rather loudly as she hurls herself over the horse.

MATTHEWMAN—alias "Bubbles." A Sarah Bernhardt with a French-Canadian accent. CHARGE: being a public menace.

McNAB—a red-headed basketball bombshell all decked out in Grand'mère woolens. CHARGE: not finishing her interminable cross-word puzzles.

MOLSON—alias "Moe." A human dynamo with a melting smile. CHARGE: crippling opponents in sports in general—Between Double-Fire???

OULTON—A mathematician with a musical touch. CHARGE: having a snail's outlook on life.

PARSONS—alias "Parsnips." A baby-faced bundle of joy. CHARGE: attempted arson; blowing up the chemistry lab.

PASMORE—alias "Pen Pen." A peaches and cream complexion with a ready blush. CHARGE: freezing the school when it's already 10° below.

REED—alias "Paul." A relic of Gaspé, famous for apple pie beds. CHARGE: greeting Tout le monde with "Bonjour."

SHEARD—A joker with rather innocent blue eyes and a mousy attraction. CHARGE: keeping James Andrew, the mouse, in her room.

Notorious as these characters seem WE feel that we have improved during the year. This is mainly due to the patience and understanding of Miss Macdonald and we all thank her for making this year a success.

BY THE VI A FORM

## VI B FORM REPORT

Ogilvie, J.; Covent Gardens, London, Eng.

After some difficulty I finally secured a box for the sensational play, "Sixbeola," which was painstakingly produced by Miss Parfit and jointly directed by the Misses Howard, Henderson, and Bogert, who each spent a term working with the actors.

This witty, fast-moving play by Sheila Douglas-Lane was adapted from the well known novel by Janet Lake, who is on the staff of "Life" magazine.

Being rather late, I was hurriedly ushered to my seat by Janet Smith, after handing my ticket to Livia Rorke at the entrance. Unlike the celebrated critic, Mary Alston, I thoroughly enjoyed the play, mainly because Gill Donald, Connie Roper, and Heather Woods acted so very naturally.

The music was composed by Judy Taylor and conducted very vigorously by Miss McGillis, who has recently made her debut.

From the programme I saw that the modern scenery was designed by Jocie Gordon. Except for a few mishaps such as a ladder from the wings falling and hitting Miss Woods as she made her exit in the second scene, the play ran smoothly. Heather Mackenzie styled the costumes which were a little too long for the actresses' comfort. The making of these garments was carefully supervised by Merry Chaplin and Barbie Hyman, both of whom can wield a needle with the best. Nancy Haywood outdid herself, especially with the hair styling for Miss

Gibaut, who acted the part of a young girl wrapped up in a life of sports.

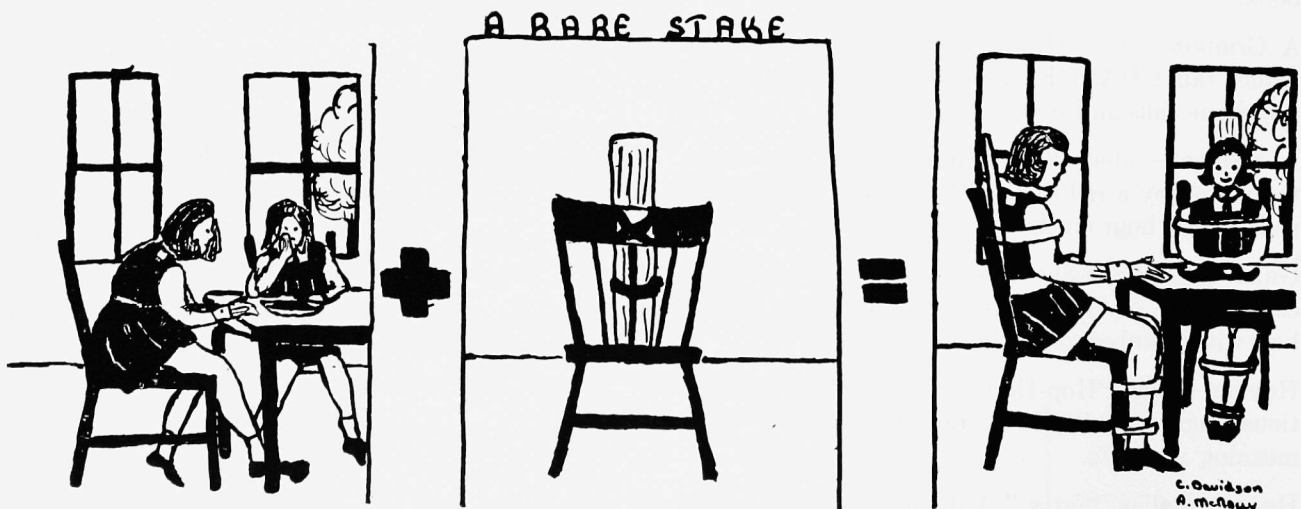
As usual Claire Davidson's clever make-up tricks deserve praise. My congratulations went to Ann Shields who remembered the frequent lighting changes that had to be made.

Miss Penhale, my neighbour, told me that Helen Leduc and Ann McNally were in charge of the sound effects! I agree with Miss Alston that they were a trifle too loud. She also told me that Shirley-Anne Downs was an enthusiastic prompter but the actors knew their parts so well that her help was not needed. Margie Stewart took care of the properties so expertly that several times a hunting party had to be arranged to find them.

After the final curtain-call, Miss Williams presented bouquets to all the actresses. During this period Marge McMaster handed me a card from the Misses Creery and McNab. Reading it, I found they were holding a dinner in honour of Miss Parfit. At the end of the note, Patsy Creery added that Felicia Carter was arranging the menu, and knowing my fondness for good food thought I would really enjoy the dinner.

We ended the dinner by toasting Miss Parfit and the three directors for helping us with our long play. I want to thank them again in this column and hope that the next performance of "Sixbeola" will be just as good as this one was.

JUDY OGILVIE, VI B



INTERMEDIATE  
CARTOON  
WINNER

They once issued plusses and "P's,"  
Then slings, or if not, minus three's.  
But lately it's been,  
As from this picture is seen,  
The stake when our postures displease.

### V A FORM REPORT

This has been a most interesting year for the VA's. Last September many new girls joined our Form, making VA larger than it had ever been before. Our new girls were from many different parts of the world. Philippa Harverson came from East Africa, Sue MacPherson from Newfoundland, Wendy Wilson from Brazil and Rae Ballachey from Noranda.

At the end of the first term we put on an operetta, "The Miser's Dream," with Di Smith playing the part of "Old Miser Money-Bags," and Vicki Nesbitt, Diddy Allan, and Rae MacCulloch also giving excellent performances.

Our Form captains were Judy St. George, Barbara Newell and Wendy Wilson. We would like to thank them for all their effort in keeping our Form in order.

Kelly Caridi, our sports' captain, organized our various teams. During the second term many VA's played on the Junior Basketball team against Stanstead. Sarah Rogers, Ann Rawlings and Sheila Williams were among these.

The second term provided many winter sports. Skating was such fun! Often at night many of us would be seen skating on the rink under the bright lights. A skating party was held at B.C.S., at which we all enjoyed ourselves very much.

Skiing was greatly enjoyed by some of our skiers, especially Penny Dobson, Shirley Eakin, and Callie Grant. Often we would take the toboggan over to a hill and slide down. It was a ride to take one's breath away, but great fun!

Tennis was very popular with some of our enthusiasts, including Judy Northey, Tony Mitchell, and Sue Ward. Lessons and tournaments during the last term helped us to improve our game.

Many in our Form enjoy hobbies. Nancy Millen, Sue Cuthbertson, and Sandy Smith are interested in ballet; therefore on stormy afternoons one could often see them practising up in the gym. Linda Ward and Carol Chadwick love horses; Nancy Palmer is the class hairdresser; Jill Woods writes sweet short stories, and Di Daniels always has something funny to say.

We would all like to thank Miss Hughes, our Form Mistress, for helping us through the year. We also extend our gratitude to Miss Gillard and all the other mistresses who helped to make this year a very happy one.

WENDY WILSON, V A

### V B FORM REPORT

Fourteen girls made up the VB form at the beginning of this year. The seven new girls were from all parts of North America. Terry Abbott is Bermuda's representative in the form. Eve Smith comes from Virginia, Lynne Sawdon from New York, and Debbie Troop from Toronto. Stevie Stuart arrived at King's Hall from Peterborough. Pat Young does not come a long way, for she lives in Sherbrooke, while Susan Kilgour comes from Beauharnois. In the middle of the Easter term another New Yorker joined us, Mary Troubetzkoy.

Our form captains have been very successful during the year. Eve Smith and Barbara Miller served faithfully in their turn, while Jane Gordon has made a very good sports captain.

A play called "A Christmas Star for Olga" was put on just before the Christmas Holidays. Debbie Troop had the leading part, and Saundray Bogert, Penny Parsons, Sandra Stewart, Eve Smith, and Barbara Miller gave excellent performances. We would like to thank Miss Parfit for all the work she put into it.

"Margie goes Modern" with Lynn Morris taking the leading part, was an operetta we put on before Easter. Barbara Miller, Barbara Oliphant, Debbie Troop, Saundray Bogert, and Stevie Stuart all gave wonderful performances. We would also like to thank Miss Broadbent for helping us so much in putting on this colourful operetta.

In the sports VB has had soccer, basketball, and volleyball. Many games of "between double fire" have been played in gym classes. We are very proud of Jane Gordon and Barbara Millar, the only VB's chosen to play basketball at Stanstead.

A Red Cross Club was formed under the guidance of Miss Ramsay. Lynn Morris is our president, Penny Parsons is vice-president, Debbie Troop is secretary, and Eve Smith is treasurer. We made Christmas, Valentine, and Easter favours which were sent to the Children's Memorial Hospital in Montreal.

The VB form have enjoyed many pleasant parties and other events. The skating party at B.C.S. came as a surprise, and we all enjoyed it very much.

Yes, VB is a happy form. Whether on the corridor, where Jean Lindsey has been so kind and patient with us, or in the form-room, where Miss Ramsay has been such a wonderful Form Mistress, we feel that we have had a very successful year.

SUSAN KILGOUR, V B



"Hurrah! Hurrah!" The cheers echoed through the windy streets of Drummondville on a raw November morning, when an excited crowd of boys and girls from neighbouring schools, including King's Hall, watched Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh mounting the steps of a gaily decorated platform. The Royal Couple received a bouquet of flowers, signed the City's guest book, and after smilingly acknowledging an enthusiastic cheering, returned to the train, and continued on their "Royal Journey."

We remained, craning our necks, and waving our flags until the train disappeared, and then climbed into the waiting buses and drove back to school. Even though it was very short, I think we will always remember Drummondville and our opportunity to see our present Queen Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh.



## IN MEMORIAM GEORGE VI

In war and peace  
 Never was there a greater leader,  
 Neither a finer man.

His motto was, as all should be,  
 Strong to the end.

We were shocked  
 And we were sorrowed,  
 But what better successor  
 Could there be than Elizabeth,  
 His exquisite daughter.

JEAN K. CHAPLIN, Matric

## SCHOOL YEAR

## The School Calendar

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| Sept. 12—School Re-opened  | Feb. 14—Skiing at Hillcrest                                     |
| Sept. 30—Violin Recital, Francis Chaplin   | Feb. 19—Skiing at Hillcrest                                     |
| Oct. 6-8—Thanksgiving Weekend  | Feb. 23—Basketball—Stanstead at Compton                         |
| Oct. 8—Tea Dance at Bishop's   | Feb. 26—Skiing at Hillcrest                                     |
| Oct. 17—Soccer—Compton at Stanstead  | Feb. 27—Basketball—Compton at Stanstead                         |
| Oct. 20—Soccer—Stanstead at Compton  | Feb. 29—Matric Square Dance                                     |
| Oct. 21—Piano Recital—Bela Boszormenyi-Nagy  | Mar. 5—Ski Meet with Bishop's at Hillcrest                      |
| Oct. 27—Matric Entertainment   | Mar. 15—Vocal and Piano Recital by Frances James and Dr. Brough |
| Oct. 31—Soccer—Bishop's Prep School at Compton<br>Hallowe'en Supper and Masquerade | Mar. 16—"Stairway to Heaven"                                    |
| Nov. 3—Football Dance at Bishop's  | Mar. 22—Church Guild Tea<br>"The Clouded Yellow"                |
| Nov. 5—Trip to Drummondville to see Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh   | Mar. 28—Biology Exhibition at U.B.C.                            |
| Nov. 6—Half-term Holiday   | Mar. 29—Biology Exhibition at U.B.C.                            |
| Nov. 9—School Dance  | Mar. 30—Red Cross Supper. V B Operetta<br>"Margie Goes Modern"  |
| Nov. 10—Soccer—Bishop's Rugby Team at Compton                                      | Mar. 31—Staff—Prefect Basketball Game                           |
| Dec. 2—Miss Gillard's Birthday Party   | April 2—School Closed   |
| Dec. 8—V B Christmas Play  | April 16—School Re-opened                                       |
| Dec. 9—Christmas Party and V A Operetta, "The Miser's Dream"                       | April 26—Piano Recital—William Stevens                          |
| Dec. 14—School Closed  | May 2—VI B Play "The Tenth Word"                                |
| Jan. 9—School Re-opened  | May 3—Confirmation  |
| Jan. 13—Vocal Concert—Ernesto Vinci  | May 10—Music Festival in Sherbrooke                             |
| Jan. 15—Gym Competition  | May 13—Miss Miller's Talk on China                              |
| Jan. 26—"The Red Shoes"  | May 18—VI B Play "Archibald"                                    |
| Feb. 8—Mr. Ward's Movies   | June 1—VI B Operetta "The Fiesta"                               |
|  | June 11—The Closing.  |



## Reports

### MACDONALD HOUSE REPORT

This year has been a successful one for MacDonald. At the beginning of the year some new girls joined MacDonald, and we feel that everyone has worked well together and put forth great effort and House spirit in both sports and work.

In September we won the soccer, although we had very stiff competition from the other Houses. In the Easter Term we did very well in basketball, and certainly fought hard in "between-double-fire." The badminton doubles were won for us also, through a great deal of practice. Now in the summer term everyone is very enthusiastic about the tennis competitions.

Your House spirit has been clearly shown with the House totals each week, we know you have tried very hard, and you have made us very proud to add up each term total.

Thank you, MacDonald, for making our last year such a happy one. The very best luck to you all. Have a wonderful summer, for you deserve it!

HEATHER ROGERS  
BARBARA SHIPMAN

—o—

### RIDEAU HOUSE REPORT

Congratulations, Rideautes, on your keen enthusiasm towards both the Work and Sports Shields this year. You have all tried hard to gain pluses for your House and although some of you found it difficult to avoid occasional minus totals, some of Rideau's weekly totals were records for which you can justly pat yourselves on the back!

Although Rideau was not too successful in soccer, we made up for this by doing wonderfully well in basketball, badminton and "Between Double-Fire." In the latter, the Juniors gained the most points for the House.

Thank you for your never-failing House spirit and co-operation. We have been very proud of you, Rideau, and know that your future prefects will be no less so.

Good-bye, and good luck to you all for the future.

ANN HENDERSON.  
PEGGY ROSS

### MONTCALM HOUSE REPORT

Yea Montcalm! We think that everyone on Montcalm deserves a cheer. True enough we haven't always been on top, but the House spirit this year has been everything we had hoped for. We have had our struggles in the order mark field, but the outstanding exam marks seem to have compensated in part for that. Your increased interest in sports has gone far towards our keeping up a steady fight for the shield. The thing that pleases both of us most about Montcalm, however, is the loyalty and co-operation of its girls. You have been staunch supporters throughout the year, and we are proud to have been your prefects.

MYRNE HARRIS  
HEATHER ALLAN

—o—

### REPORT ON THE SPEECHES

"On March 8th, the McGill Alumnae Association is sponsoring its Annual Speech Competition for high-school girls from all districts of Quebec. The semi-final will be held in Sherbrooke on February 22nd." When this announcement was read, the whole Matric class listened enthusiastically to the topics which were suggested. Although most of us got no further than this, seven girls with clear voices and interesting views worked hard to prepare a five-minute speech. From these candidates the Staff were going to select one girl to represent King's Hall at the Sherbrooke semi-final contest.

When the speeches were ready we all had the pleasure of hearing them. Heather Allan and Cynthia Molson spoke on "Travel for Youth"; Jane Townsend, Heather Rogers, Neville Robinson and Maryel Ramesay chose different aspects of "Keep Canadian Talent at Home"; and Anne Lucas spoke on "The Problem of Illiteracy among High School Students."

The speakers were all so good that none of us had any idea which one the judges would choose. The group was finally narrowed down to Jane and Neville, and on February the twenty-second Neville represented our school in Sherbrooke. Although she did not win the contest, she delivered a fine speech and we are immensely proud of her. We are also proud of the other six girls whose speeches were so difficult to judge. Three cheers for them all!!

ANN ENGLISH, Matric

## LIBRARY REPORT

You know, we librarians aren't really so hard-hearted, tight-fisted and narrow-minded as we may seem to be. When we won't let you take out five books at a time, you must understand it's not because we **mind** or anything like that, it's just—well, books **do** wander. And when we wring those fines from your empty pockets, it's not because we **want** the money, or anything like that, it's just—well, how do you suppose we got that wonderful pile of new books this year? And when we can't manage to see why you will put books on their sides on the shelf, it's not because we **care** about the books, or anything like that, it's just—well, with the beautiful new shelves that were built around the lounge, we like to have the books in them looking just a little bit tidy. So you see, appearances are sometimes deceiving, and fairly often (not always, but **fairly** often) there is a shred of method in what we do to you, the reading public.

Having made a rather sad attempt to justify the Library Committee, I would now like to thank every single one of them for the marvellous co-operation they have given me this year. Thanks to Penny Pasmore, who will take over next year, things have run very smoothly, and I really enjoyed every minute of it. Thank you all very much.

NEVILLE ROBINSON, Matric

—o—

## HOUSEHOLD SCIENCE REPORT

The Household Science classes this year have been busy and enthusiastic. Most of the forms in the school have two classes a week. During the school year an equal amount of time is given to needlework and to cooking. This includes both practical and theoretical work.

Only one girl is taking the Special Household Science course this year. This course consists of six regular and several extra lessons a week. The programme of cooking, sewing and weaving is more advanced than that of the ordinary classes. A very interesting project was serving a breakfast, luncheon, and dinner to Miss Gillard and a few guests.

Miss Rochon, in this her second year at King's Hall, has made her syllabus as new and exciting as it was last year. Our thanks go to you, Miss Rochon, for your constant help and understanding.

ANNE GORDON, VI A

## BALLET

Unable to bear our ungainly attempts at motion any longer, Miss Gillard arranged for ballet lessons to help those who wanted to help themselves. Mrs. Werleman comes here from North Hatley every Wednesday and Saturday, and though we may not yet be second Pavlovas, under her competent guidance we have at least progressed to the state of realizing how badly we needed the lessons!

Mrs. Werleman deserves a great deal of praise for patiently teaching us what grace is (or should be). We really have enjoyed our "ballet afternoons" and we hope they will continue next year.

MARGARET OGILVIE, Matric

—o—

## THE RED CROSS PARTY

Before the Christmas holidays, Miss Keyzer, the originator of many excellent ideas, suggested that each person in the school make some article of clothing for the Red Cross. Everyone was to buy wool or material over the holidays and no one was to tell Miss Gillard.

The last Sunday of the second term saw many people furiously trying to finish their "works of art." That morning we returned from church to find a large table set up in the front hall, beautifully decorated in white with a large red cross and a vase of red and white carnations in the middle. Who had done all this?—Why, who else but Mrs. Aitken.

At supper time that night Miss Gillard, oblivious of anything unusual, was led past this table now piled high with delicious chicken salad (made by Mrs. Aitken), hot rolls and other delicacies. Supper was served most efficiently by a few Staff and the Matric form, then came the surprise!

Presto Nesto! Socks, sweaters, caps and mitts of all sizes, shapes, and colours appeared from nowhere. The Staff also had made many beautiful things. Piece by piece everything was admired and packed away, but the next day a display was set up for closer inspection.

Miss Gillard was especially pleased by the size and attractiveness of the garments. A few things were a little small, yet even these will serve to dress some poor unfortunate doll.

MYRNE HARRIS, Matric

# The Arts

## ERNESTO VINCI'S VOCAL RECITAL

The second term began very pleasantly with a vocal recital given by the noted Canadian baritone, Ernesto Vinci. Dr. Vinci came to Canada just before the outbreak of World War II. After some years at the Halifax Conservatory of Music, he joined the Royal Conservatory of Music in Toronto where he has trained many notable Canadian "singing stars." His outstanding voice has won him acclaim on two continents.

Dr. Vinci's recital ranged from operatic selections to Folk Songs in various languages. One of our favourites was "The Farmer's Cursed Wife," an extremely amusing Nova Scotian folk song. He also sang a selection from "The Marriage of Figaro," which we enjoyed very much. After many "encores," Dr. Vinci ended his programme with the well-known and beloved "Brahm's Lullaby."

This will be an unforgettable evening for all of us, but especially for a few privileged girls who had the unique experience of hearing "Happy Birthday" sung to them by an outstanding baritone.

ANNE THORNTON, Matric

## FRANCIS CHAPLIN

We had often heard of the talented young violinist, Francis Chaplin of Newcastle, New Brunswick, who had made his first appearance in 1933 at the age of six. Since then his reputation and success have grown steadily.

On Sunday evening, September 30th, we had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Chaplin ourselves. With his accompanist, Mr. Allison Patterson, he gave us a varied and most enjoyable recital. During the first half of the program he played the well-known "Concerto in C" by Bruch, and "The Sonata in A Major," by Vivaldi.

After the intermission we heard shorter pieces, among them "Banjo and Fiddle" by William Kroll. This so captivated our hearts that Mr. Chaplin found himself repeating it over for us, not once but three times!

We enjoyed every moment of the recital and especially appreciated Mr. Chaplin's generosity in giving encores.

ALISON MACKENZIE, VI A

## THE BELA BOSZORMENYI-NAGY CONCERT

During the first term we were very fortunate in having a concert given by the Hungarian pianist,

Bela Boszormenyi-Nagy. Before each selection, Mr. Boszormenyi-Nagy gave us a brief explanation of the piece, and of its composer. The programme began with the "Partita in C Minor" by Bach, followed by "Sonata in D Major," by Beethoven. He also played a series of lighter pieces. Although this was only Mr. Boszormenyi-Nagy's second visit to King's Hall, he did not forget our favourite pieces of last year—the "Ritual Fire Dance" and a Debussy study, "Pour Les Huits Doigts." Mr. Boszormenyi-Nagy's varied selection of compositions—most of them unfamiliar to us—was extremely interesting and increased our knowledge of classical music. We thoroughly enjoyed the evening, and sincerely hope that Mr. Boszormenyi-Nagy will come back to Compton next year.

ANNE THORNTON, Matric

## WILLIAM STEVENS' RECITAL

On April 27, William Stevens, pianist, was presented in the final concert of our "Music Appreciation" series. In a well-chosen programme, Mr. Stevens displayed many musical qualities, and his individual style won the immediate interest of his audience.

The compositions which seemed to be most popular were the lovely "Fantasy in F Minor," by Chopin; the meditative "Reflets dans l'eau," by Debussy; and finally the brilliant "Hungarian Rhapsody," by Franz Liszt, which was given an ovation by the enthusiastic audience.

In response to continued applause, Mr. Stevens graciously played several encores, concluding with "The Little White Donkey," by Ibert.

## RECITAL

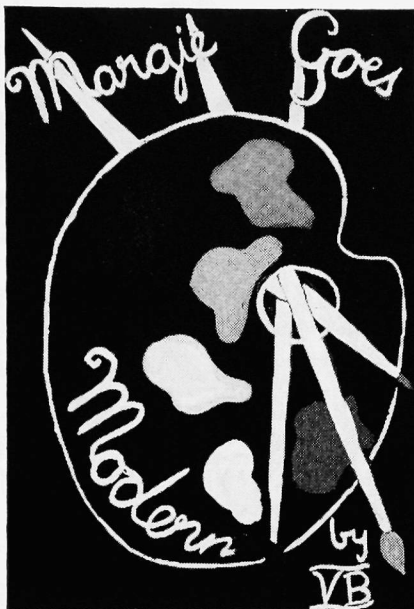
On the evening of March 15, we had the privilege of hearing a combined vocal and piano recital by Frances James (Mrs. Murray Adaskin) and Dr. George Brough.

Frances James sang some German *Leider*, a variety of folk songs in different languages, and some operatic selections. Of these, our favorite was a lullaby from a new opera, "The Consul," by Minotti.

Dr. Brough, as well as accompanying Miss James, played a number of compositions, including "The Rhapsody in G Minor" by Brahms, a Schubert "Impromptu" and as encore, his own arrangement of Bach's "Sheep May Safely Graze."

We enjoyed every moment of the evening, which passed all too quickly in spite of the generous number of encores. We are looking forward to seeing Frances James and Dr. Brough at King's Hall again.

ANNE THORNTON, Matric



### V A AND V B DRAMATICS

During the past year the "King's Hall Little Theatre" has excelled in its dramatic productions under a new and very capable director, Miss Broadbent.

V A opened the September season with an operetta called "The Miser's Dream." The Miser was played by our rising star, Diane Smith. The songs were new and the audience hummed them for days afterwards. Our soloists, Ray McCulloch and Dierdre Allan, received offers from the Metropolitan Opera, but refused to leave as they wished to further Canadian talent.

Again at Christmas Miss Broadbent had another sweeping success, this time with a V B operetta, "A Christmas Star for Olga." Olga was played by none other than Canada's own Saundray Bogert. Deborah Troop was excellent as the snobbish Mrs. Hill, while her two friends were Barbara Miller, and Penny Parsons, two actresses for whom I foresee great parts in the future. The two kind spirits who set everything to rights at the end and were angelically portrayed by Eve Smith and Sandra Stewart.

The season closed with another new operetta called "Margie Goes Modern," again put on by V B. This was a very colourful production. Margie was Lynn Morris, who sang her way to success; and her art teacher, Madame Raphael, was Barbara Miller. Margie's art companions and the three trustees were a delight to the audience, and added great zest and vividness to the stage. As the curtain fell, it was whispered through the audience that these girls would soon be swept off to Broadway.

The members of the Little Theatre owe a great deal to their patient director, Miss Broadbent, and to their make-up and scenery director, Miss Brand. Both helped to make this year such fun for players and audience alike. HEATHER ROGERS, Matric

### THE TENTH WORD

This year the VI A's produced a one-act play called *The Tenth Word*. I would describe it by this "tenth word"—Excellent! The first scene of the play took place in a girls' boarding school in 1812, the second scene in the same school in 1937. You can easily see what scope this gave the players. Miss Seraphena Darcy, the headmistress of 1812, was played most convincingly by Fiona Bogert, and her great-great-grand-niece, the modern Miss Sarah Darcy, by Penny Pasmore. Pamela Bane, the 1812 heroine, was charmingly portrayed by Susanne Chester, while Georgie Hebden made an equally charming great-great-granddaughter and counterpart in 1937. The supporting characters of scene one were Dorothy Johnstone, Maryan King, and Nancy Beattie; of scene two, Mary Ann McNab, Pauline Reed, and Linda Gordon. These girls gave natural and convincing performances. I feel I should mention the white-gloved hands and tweed-coated arms which brought scenes one and two respectively to happy conclusions; these were none other than Katie Molson's. The audience was puzzled to see Alison MacKenzie's name listed as "pianist," when no piano was either visible or audible. Only afterwards was it discovered that the music box softly tinkling a few bars of Mozart's "Don Juan" throughout much of the action, was really Alison at the grand piano. She is to be congratulated on her skill and artistry, which added so much to the play's appeal.

We all want to thank the VI A's, their director, Miss MacLennan, their art director, Miss Brand, their costume director, Miss Rochon, and all the stage hands who helped the cast to give us such an enjoyable evening.

We are sorry not to be able to report the two VI B productions, but "Per Annos" is going to press while they are still in rehearsal. We all look forward to the play, **Archibald**, directed by Miss Parfit, and to the operetta, **At The Fiesta** directed by Miss Broadbent. Every girl in VI B is taking some part in either the play or the operetta. The leading characters in **Archibald** are Jill Donald, Connie Roper, and Heather Woods; in the operetta, Heather MacKenzie, Felicia Carter and Judy Ogilvie.

HEATHER ROGERS, Matric





### ART REPORT

From the smallest Junior to the Matrics, there has been an increased interest in art this year. Under Miss Brand's watchful eye and helpful hand a great deal of most successful work has been done. The Juniors have been modelling in clay, and have done some very clever paintings in tempera. The V B's surprised us especially with the scenery they painted themselves for their operetta, "Margie goes Modern," the professional touch was unmistakable!

In the Senior school, a great deal of wood carving has been done by V A and VI B. They have made boxes and book-ends which they've varnished and painted. Seven girls are taking their Matric in art, and have been working steadily in water-colour and charcoal. Their work has improved steadily and we feel sure it will please McGill!

We all want to thank Miss Brand very much for her help and supervision, and we hope next year will produce as much good work as this one has.

HEATHER ALLAN, Matric

### GLIMPSES OF THE CHOIR

Any Saturday morning! The Choir is present in the Gym. Every girl is in her place, adding a melodious voice to the new anthem; Miss Macdonald is teaching the middle part to those who cannot read music; Ann and Janet Henderson are studying their duo, in "The Agnus Dei," while Alison is humming the difficult alto.

A quarter to eight on Sunday morning, December the ninth! The snow is falling lightly and the sun is beginning to appear. The school is gently wakened by the strains of "God Rest You Merry, Gentlemen" and "The First Noel." Your guess is right. These wandering carollers are members of the Choir.

The same evening after the Christmas play! The Choir has lined the glass passage, each girl

holding a candle in her hand, while all sing "Silent Night" very softly. The candles cast beautiful shadows as the rest of the school passes, and the spirit of Christmas fills every heart.

May tenth, St. Peter's Church, Sherbrooke! The Choir is walking down the aisle with numerous other choirs from the Eastern Townships and two from Montreal, to take part in the local Festival of the Royal College of Church Music.

Ascension Day, Compton Church! The Choir is again singing in a joint service, this time with all the choirs of the neighbouring parishes.

The Choir is standing in an earnest group! We want to show our appreciation to Miss Macdonald for all the time and help she has given us. Thank you very, very much, Miss Macdonald!

ANNE LUCAS, Matric



# Social and Personal

—o—

We were all sorry to hear that our rector, Mr. Absalom, who has been with us for three years, must leave us this summer to return to England. The school will miss Mr. Absalom, who has managed to make everything he has done with us so interesting that his classes and sermons have been a pleasure to listen to. The sleepers in church have disappeared completely! Good-bye, Mr. Absalom, and our best wishes go with you and your family.

—o—

## THE SQUARE DANCE

With the mournful notes of "Dry Bones," a group of nearly dead B.C.S-ites serenaded the Matrics good-bye and woke up the rest of the school. This midnight revelry came at the end of the square dance. This year, some Matrics from Ottawa (!!) brought the brilliant idea which was blessed and approved by Miss Gillard! The dance had to be postponed because of the mumps, but finally it came and went too quickly.

Thanks to the competent directions of Mr. Woodard (the caller), all city slickers who did not know how to square dance—I for one—found themselves gaily swinging, and at the end of each dance flopping with exhaustion on the floor, horse, and mats of our barn-gym. We ate hot-dogs, cookies, ice cream, and coffee in true barn-like fashion in the lounge. The food was enjoyed by everybody, including the youthful onlookers hanging over the bannisters of the front stairs.

The square-dance was the Matrics' last fling of frivolity before settling down to work for exams, and we hope that our visitors had as much fun as we did.

RAQUEL CHONCHOL, Matric

## THE CHRISTMAS PARTY

On December 9th the school was filled with the air of Christmas. Everyone was waiting for evening to come, as we were having the Christmas Party. The lounge had been beautifully decorated by the VI A's with pine boughs and streamers. In one corner stood a Christmas tree sparkling with all its ornaments.

Miss Gillard, the Staff and the girls gathered in the lounge to sing Christmas Carols, which were thoroughly enjoyed by all. After we had sung quite a number of carols, a great commotion arose in the hall and in walked a big fat Santa Claus with all his helpers. None of the helpers had been forgotten, even the reindeer were there with their leader, Rudolph, who had an especially red nose! The gay little elves pranced about and the carollers, dressed in brightly coloured outdoor clothes sprinkled with snow, sang well-known carols. Santa brought out his large bag and gave each member of the staff a gift. A special gift of a lace luncheon set was given to Miss Gillard.

With the jingling of bells, Santa and his helpers moved towards the door. As Santa disappeared he waved and said, "Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good night."

PATSY CREERY, VI B

—o—

## MUSIC CLUB

This year the Music Club has been a great success. Every Thursday night the two senior forms get ready for bed and come down to the lounge accompanied by pillows, blankets, and other paraphernalia. There, under Miss Broadbent's watchful eye, we listen to various selections of music, of which some have been Stravinski's "Patručka," "Slavonic Dances" by Dvorjak, Gilbert and Sullivan's "Mikado" and the "Pirates of Penzance" and "Graduation Ball" by Strauss.

We would all like to thank Miss Broadbent very much for the many evenings she has given up for our enjoyment, and also Nancy Gilmour for the use of her gramophone and records.

FIONA BOGART, VI A

## THE MATRIC ENTERTAINMENT

My nose quivered with excitement and my pompadour stood up on end. This was "The Night," the long-awaited event had arrived. The buzzing Prep Hall was suddenly hushed, the lights dimmed and the strains of "Welcome to the Festival," arose from behind the curtain. Oh! how I envied those two lucky girls who were returning home from "The Festival of Britain" aboard the liner "S.S. Compton."

The girls' first memory of their trip was depicted in "Welcome to the Fair," with the penny arcades, the bobbies, the "Cockles and Mussels Song," the cockney accents and the gaily decorated stalls. The scene moved to the famed Scotland Yard where we met Sherlock Holmes involved in a blood-curdling robbery case. However, the poor old gentleman who was robbed emerged from his harrowing experience uninjured and I thumped my tail vigorously for the gallant Sherlock Holmes. Next we travelled across the sea for "A Little Bit O'Ireland," complete with gnomes and . . . were my eyes deceiving me? . . . purple and pink, polka-dotted toadstools. A captivating fairy tale unfolded before me as the little Irish red-head sang "Sure a Little Bit of Heaven." From there we journeyed to "Bonnie Scotland." The bagpipes shrilled suddenly! Why! I must be dreaming! But no, the piper climbed the steps of the stage in "full dress" and accompanied four couples in the "eightsome reel." By cocking one ear I was able to catch the whisper that the piper was Mr. Ramsay, father of one of the young lassies. We left Scotland with the plaintive melodies of some weary fishermen ringing in our ears.

Finally came the climax of the evening—the gala dinner—aboard the "S.S. Compton." The crew in their trim white uniforms escorted the Staff onto the stage; when they were seated, the Captain and Chief Officer gallantly ushered Miss Gillard to the position of honour. The crew presented the Staff with tiny rose-buds and with two book-stands for their staff-room. To Miss Gillard they gave a corsage of orchids. Standing at rigid attention, the crew sang to Miss Gillard "May the Good Lord Bless and Keep You."

All too soon the curtain closed and the Matric Entertainment was over for another year. I thumped loudly with my tail and eagerly dashed off to tell Vicki all about the bark-taking performance which I had just seen.

BY CAPRICE—FRENCH POODLE

## THE TEA DANCE

The Tea Dance is the annual dance given by the boys of B.C.S. on the afternoon of Thanksgiving Monday, this year on October 8th. Every year this dance is written up in the K.H.C. magazine with a variety of words—delightful, soft music, lively music, charming, exciting, delicious refreshments, thrilling, jolting bus ride, wonderful orchestra, and many others. After these competent descriptions, I can only add that every year we look forward more to the Tea Dance and enjoy ourselves more at it, thanks to the kind invitations of B.C.S.

SUE CHESTER, VI A

## THE FOOTBALL DANCE

In addition to attending the Tea Dance at Bishop's we were invited to a football dance held there after the St. Johnsbury vs B.C.S. game in October. The orchestra was very good and everyone had a most enjoyable evening. After this unexpected event we spent two hours stuck in the snow, but nevertheless arrived at school no worse for our mishap!

## MOVIES

The movies this year have been exceptionally good. We have had some excellent English films such as *Clouded Yellow*, *Kind Hearts and Coronets*, and *Lavender Hill Mob*. We usually have a shorter film before the English pictures called *This Modern Age*, and although we sigh when we see that it is something educational, by the end we would gladly see it again!

We have been very fortunate in having some technicolor movies—*The Black Narcissus*, *Stairway to Heaven* and our very great favourite, *The Red Shoes*. We would like to thank Miss Keyzer for giving up her free time to show the movies again on rainy Sunday afternoons.

## GERMAN MEASLES

Some laughed and joked about them, some cursed them, and others wondered where on earth they had come from. What? Well—the German measles, of course! We were resigned to our fate—we were in for a term of solitary confinement, and that was that. The question is now—how will our more freckled members look when the spots begin to break out?

HEATHER ALLAN, Matric

## THE FORMAL

*(With apologies to Alfred Noyes)*

Without, the November evening was ominously still,  
 The road was an icy ribbon over the village hill,  
 The end was fast approaching, as they passed the  
     nearest store,  
 And the buses all came driving—driving, driving,  
     And the buses all came driving—  
     Up to the Compton door.

Down the corridor clattered and clashed the be-  
     booted Bish—  
 An expectant glance at the staircase, and perhaps a  
     fearful wish.  
 The ordeal was now upon them—they could not see  
     an escape,  
 But they waited calm, undaunted—ever calm,  
     undaunted—  
     They waited calm, undaunted  
     For fast approaching fate.

Over the bannisters fretted and fussed the excited  
     girls,  
 And they rushed again to the mirror to straighten  
     immaculate curls.  
 They applied a dab of powder, and with easy,  
     gracious smile,  
 They descended gay, unfurried—ever gay,  
     unfurried—  
     They descended gay, unfurried,  
     The last—the very last—mile.

Mass migration followed to a Chinese wonderland,  
 Where with lanterns, fans, and dragons all waited  
     for Baulieu's band;  
 Then to the soothing music of "Sound off" or "Tell  
     Me Why,"  
 They minueted gracefully—reserved, and very  
     gracefully—  
     They minueted gracefully  
     With an ODD conversational lie.

Time passed in tunes and topics and supper was  
     announced.

The boys were quite at home here, and on everything  
     edible pounced.  
 The girls with longing glances, but fearing material  
     strength  
 Declined the tempting gâteaux—the delicious,  
     delectable gâteaux—  
     They declined the tempting gâteaux  
     And adjourned to "fix up" at length.

They danced, allegedly unwearied, but apparently  
     needing support.  
 To temper the intimate atmosphere, the gym re-  
     sembled a fort.  
 The turrets, towers, and parapets were crowded with  
     hostile foe  
 Who watched the youthful dancers—the foolish,  
     romantic dancers—  
     Who watched the youthful dancers  
     From a grim, forbidding row.

At last came the time for parting, a sad, unforget-  
     table hour.  
 No doubt there were some who were happy, but  
     most seemed glumly dour,  
 As the boys shrugged on the overcoats, pulled their  
     tuques on over their hair;  
 The girls waved most regretfully; relieved—but most  
     regretfully—  
     The girls waved "Goodbye" regretfully,  
     Then scurried upstairs to "compare."

*This poem is not to convince you that we don't like  
     B.C.S.*

*Oh no! Quite on the contrary. "They're O.K." we must  
     confess.*

*So with every due apology we write of an annual tale,  
 Remembering those wonderful "formals"—  
     the Bishop's-Compton "formals"—  
     Those exciting, wonderful "formals"  
     That in our memories prevail.*

C. MOLSON, Matric

### MISS GILLARD'S BIRTHDAY PARTY

The bell for supper rang on Sunday, December the second. Instead of the usual mad confusion there were a few muffled shrieks and exclamations, and then all was comparatively silent. Beds were hastily tidied, books put away, hair combed, and navy-blue belts straightened—and perhaps in a few instances loosened a hole or two in anticipation! And then shuffling but quiet we crept, all of us, down the prefects' stairs and into the hall where we waited, hoping fearfully that Miss Gillard hadn't heard us. Some one knocked once—"Perhaps she's resting!" The dreadful rumour was passed up and down the navy-blue ranks in a buzz of low conversation. But then the door opened, and Miss Gillard stepped into the hall to be greeted by a thundering "Happy Birthday, Miss Gillard!"

A throne was ready for Miss Gillard in the lounge (which the VIA's had decorated beautifully). There she was seated, the juniors rushing for places at her feet, and the seniors passing her a delicious meal prepared by Mr. Burt. After supper, a beautiful Chinese Garden was brought out and presented to Miss Gillard from the school. And that wasn't all! Miss Broadbent, Miss Macdonald, Judy Taylor and Alison MacKenzie played the piano for us, and then Wendy Wilson played her accordian!

It was over all too soon. Miss Gillard was escorted back to her house and the lounge was tidied, but we were all happy that our weeks of planning had resulted in a true surprise for Miss Gillard. Most of the credit for this party goes to Mrs. Aitken. Without her ideas, her advice and her help it would never have been the success it was and we all want to thank her very much. We all join also in wishing Miss Gillard many more Very Happy Birthdays.

HEATHER ALLAN, Matric

—o—

### MATRIC AND VI A CURRENT EVENTS

This year when our little group gathered in the lounge every Friday night we all knew what topic would be thoroughly discussed. Yes, that's right—Korea. Of course we talked about other events such as the presidential elections, trouble in Egypt, the Iranian oil problem and so on. Thanks to Miss Morris we came out from Current Events bursting with knowledge of world happenings. Thank you once again, Miss Morris, for giving up your Friday nights in order to enlighten our minds on world affairs.

### CURRENT EVENTS

This year VIB and VA had a joint Current Events club every Monday night. The important weekly topics were discussed with Miss Parfit. Occasionally Miss Parfit read reports of world affairs. Many of these were written by *Teazle*. In this way all girls learned something of important world matters and were also able to express their own opinions about some topics.

I know that both VIB and VA would like to thank Miss Parfit, who spent so much time holding the Current Events periods, which were most informative as well as enjoyable.

JUDY OGILVIE, VI B

—o—

### HALLOWE'EN

There were definitely no evil spirits abroad that day. Well, certainly not in the afternoon when we tied with the Bishop's Prep team in soccer—the ones who scored that triumphant victory last year. In the evening? . . . there may have been. Who can tell what lay behind those fearful witches' masks, those terrifying white ghost costumes? The maids? We will never know . . . We know what they brought to us, though. Will we forget the pumpkin tarts, the fudge, the hot dogs, the ice cream, the cookies, the cakes—any more than the awe-inspiring dragons coiling sinuously and terribly around the shadowy walls, or the hideous faces peering through the dimness of the jack o'lantern light? I don't think we *can* forget the Hallowe'en supper.

Later in the Gym, we were again brought face to face with the frightening mystery of "All Hallow's Eve." Where were the girls we used to know? All transformed into members of the Kon-Tiki Expedition, relics of the "Roaring Twenties," a camel and his Arab, Christmas crackers, representatives of the various colleges and "Members of the Wedding." What unknown force had changed them for this memorable night? What fiendish ideas had been lurking in those busy brains for weeks beforehand? We mortals cannot tell. All we can tell is of the fun we had, and of our gratitude to Miss Brand and the Special Art Students who helped to enchant us and scare us out of our wits on this unforgettable Hallowe'en.

(ANONYMOUS).



## SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

At the end of the second term Co-Co Robinson retired to the doubtful pleasure of a holiday spiced by her own company only. As nobody can be spicy day in and day out, she tired of this, but did not return to her heart-broken room-mates until everyone was sure that the mumps she had been exposed to would not rear its ugly head.

—o—

The Matrics were very fortunate in being able to have several meetings on Sunday evenings to hear and read poetry. Half-knit garments and pillows were among the audience of Henry V, with Sir Lawrence Olivier, and the poems of Edna St. Vincent Millay read by herself, not to mention the poems of W. H. Drummond read by various Matrics. We would like to thank Miss MacLennan for devoting so much time to our pleasure.

—o—

After that drastic game of soccer in which B.C.S. beat us 6-0, the refreshed players, the cheerers, and their particular friends snatched something to eat and hurried up to the gym, where all danced (with the exception of a few basketball enthusiasts who practised busily at one end) until the bus arrived and B.C.S. had to leave. We all enjoyed ourselves very much.

—o—

The knitting needles have been clicking very busily lately . . . who are all the booties for?

—o—

On April 14th, Caprice Cailteux, Esq., drove to Montreal for a hair cut. He complained that the barber took too much from around his ears and forehead. Being a gentleman he is very fussy about his looks, especially when the girls are around.

—o—

## MR. WARD'S PICTURES

On behalf of the school I should like to thank Mr. T. A. J. Ward for showing us some outstanding films which he himself took while travelling in Italy, France and Spain in the autumn of 1951. We were given glimpses of picturesque scenery and country villages whose natives were surrounded by steep mountains, or who lived beside shimmering lakes and rivers or smooth, rolling fields. The audience was entranced. Those who had never travelled abroad set their hearts on visiting the magnificent island of Majorca, or some equally beautiful spot.

Besides the films of Europe was one of spring flowers blooming in Mr. Ward's own garden in New Jersey. We enjoyed these so much that we pleaded for another film. This was a story made up and acted by his two children; it was very amusing and well done.

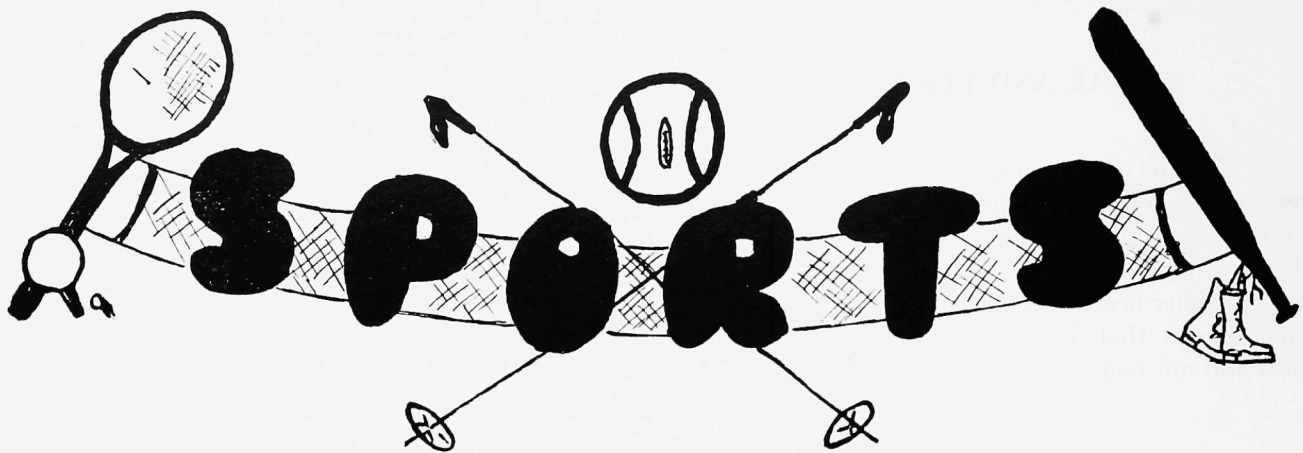
The evening was a great success, enjoyed immensely by all of us. Once more, many thanks, Mr. Ward, for having shown us such delightful films.

JOCELYN GORDON, VI B

—o—

During the first term Mr. Watts, a missionary who had just returned from India, gave us a very informative talk on India illustrated with coloured slides. Mr. Watts told us how the missionaries helped to educate the people and care for the sick. One great disease against which the missionaries wage an unceasing battle is leprosy. After the lecture we decided to give a donation to help the mission in its fight against this dread disease. We would all like to say thank you again to Mr. Watts.





### SPORTS CAPTAIN'S REPORT

The School sports have been exceptionally good this year. The House games were fairly evenly matched, MacDonald winning the soccer, Montcalm the volley ball, Rideau practically making a clean sweep of the badminton, and no decisive winner in double-fire. Everyone took an interest in the sports this year, and the House spirit was phenomenal. The most exciting games were played by the Juniors in double-fire.

The School soccer teams played their annual games against Stanstead. Congratulations are due to the junior and senior teams for their victories. We also played the B.C.S. Prep School. It was a hard fought game, ending in a tie. Then came the game of the year, against B.C.S.'s first rugby team. It provided many laughs, and as you might have guessed, B.C.S. won.

The skiing season was very good. Not only did we get over to Hillcrest more often than formerly, but we had a good ski team, which raced against some of the B.C.S. boys (not their first team). That is probably why we won.

During the winter we also had very good skating on the pond. One Sunday afternoon the juniors had a great deal of fun, by entering all kinds of skating races, which were organized for them.

Because of colds we have not yet had our swimming meet, and because of the sudden arrival of snow the sports day was cancelled, but we hope to work them in this term.

Many thanks go to Miss Robertson (skiing), to Miss Irwin (basketball) and, of course, to our gym mistress, Miss Keyzer, who has trained us in all sports.

Thank you all very much for your enthusiasm and co-operation.

SUSAN MINNES, Matric.

### PING-PONG

The usual hunt for ping-pong balls that might be in some unknown corner, taken away by Caprice, or just lost, began when the new table was put up. The popular game is Round Robin, which everyone can play. While we are waiting for tea or laundry checking the table is continually in use. Between classes the girls try to have one or two shots, but the quick eyes of the Staff usually stop them. Even the Staff have games after lights out. However, warm weather and tennis soon takes the attraction away from Ping-Pong even if the table is out doors. Therefore, we say good-bye to the Ping-Pong phase until the next Easter term.

### GYM COMPETITION

The gym competition was a new idea introduced into the school this year. Each class went through its various exercises with neatness and accuracy while Miss Wallace and Miss Morris judged. The Matric class was finally chosen as the winning form. The competition was good fun, and thanks to Miss Keyzer, a great success.

### BETWEEN DOUBLE FIRE AND VOLLEYBALL

We have had several House and Form games in Between-Double-Fire and Volleyball. All three Houses tied for first place in the Senior school, while Montcalm won all the Junior games. With Miss Keyzer's help and everyone's enthusiasm, the games improved steadily during the season.

### SKATING

On account of the weather conditions this winter, there was not as much skating as usual, but all enthusiasts made as much as they could of whatever ice we had and some hockey fans even tried to get up a team to play the B.C.S. Prep. Faint hope!

## SOCCER

During the fall term many school soccer games were played, both Inter-form and Inter-house. The great enthusiasm shown by the spectators as well as the players during these games made them such fun to watch. In the Form games, the Matrics were victorious over the other classes. The last game in the series, Matric vs VI A was very close and had everyone tense with excitement. This season, perhaps more than ever before, the members of the younger classes showed promise of being future stars. They entered into the soccer games even more eagerly than the rest of the school. House games, as usual, were played with great excitement and enthusiasm. MacDonald proved to have the best team this year. Montcalm held second position, and Rideau third. Having both first and second teams for each House enabled nearly every girl to be on one or the other of her own house teams.

On October twentieth, the Stanstead soccer teams came to Compton to play against the King's Hall Senior and Junior teams. King's Hall was victorious in both these games, the scores for the Senior game being 4-0 and for the Juniors 2-0. The return match was played three days later at Stanstead. The scores were Senior team 10-0 and Junior team 4-0. Thank you, Stanstead, for all these games. We enjoyed them thoroughly and are looking forward to playing you again next year.

In soccer the B.C.S. Prep boys tied with the K.H. C. Seniors, each having one goal. Each Prep boy seemed almost like a flash of lightning as he dashed from one end of the field to the other. Our long-legged Seniors, who had been warned about their opponents, managed to hold their own, however. A hasty tea of ice-cream, cake and cookies was served before the boys left.

The last event of the year was the game against the Bishop's Rugby team. This took place the afternoon following the "Formal." Consequently, team members from both schools were not at their best. Gasps rose from the onlookers as one boy would kick the ball high into the air from one defence line to the other goal—often beyond into the hay-field. Girls and boys, many badly bruised, slowly ambled off the soccer field when time was up and King's Hall had been defeated. Bishop's, we hope we shall play you again next season.

Special thanks are due to our excellent coach, Miss Keyzer, for her patience and perseverance in refereeing our games and in giving up endless hours of her time in practice.

ANN HENDERSON, Matric

## SENIOR TEAM SOCCER



A. Thornton, S. Chester, J. McNab, N. Hopper, V. Gill  
A. Rutherford, R. Perrault  
B. Drummond, M. Gilmour, J. Townsend, S. Minnes  
A. Henderson

## JUNIOR TEAM SOCCER



M. McNab, A. Lucas, C. Molson, M. McMaster,  
C. Davidson, J. Taylor  
H. Leduc, A. McNally, M. Harris, B. Gibaut  
P. Hunt

## TENNIS

With the tennis season in full swing, we are again rushing here and there to borrow racquets for tennis lessons with Miss Robertson. Our tennis will surely improve as we are fortunate to have Miss Robertson here at school all the time. We hope to get two new courts, but until then the two we already have are in full use, as is the practice board and all available wall space.

## BASKETBALL REPORT

The basketball season opened at the beginning of the second term with two Form games, Matric vs VI B. After that, all began to practise furiously for the House and Form games which were to follow, each group determined to give the best possible account of itself.

During mid-term the two School teams were chosen for the annual matches with Stanstead. The first match was played at King's Hall and the second at Stanstead. Both the Stanstead and the King's Hall teams played nice games, showing skill and sportsmanship. The excitement of the spectators was terrific as the senior teams, especially, were very evenly matched. We always look forward to meeting Stanstead and hope that they enjoyed the games as much as we did.

The Inter-Form games were keenly contested, with VI A the final winners. The House games, at the end of the Easter term, brought the season to a close with MacDonald in the lead.

Our sincere thanks are due to our Coach, Miss Keyzer, who made our games so stimulating for the players and so enjoyable for the whole school.



**SENIOR BASKETBALL**

V. Gill, C. Molson, A. Lucas, S. Chester, J. McNab  
R. Perrault, A. Rutherford, J. Townsend

## THE STAFF-PREFECT BASKETBALL GAME

The season ended two days before the Easter holidays with the BIG game of the year—Staff vs Prefects. The Staff team were ready for a solid licking and the Prefects were preparing themselves for such a feat. They came prancing onto the floor at the beginning of the game dressed in blue bloomers and sweaters and black stockings. On their backs they had pasted large yellow figures of division signs, question marks, etc. The game got under way with Miss M. Morris of the Staff team scoring a basket; then the Staff were on the rampage, scoring basket after basket. The poor Prefects didn't know where they were as the Staff were running in circles around them. The game ended with the score 45-0 for the Staff. It was an exciting game full of fun for all, and it will be remembered for a long time.

### Staff Team

GUARDS	SHOTS
T. Rochon	M. Morris
A. Irwin	G. Keyser
D. Wallace	J. Lindsey

JANE TOWNSEND, Matric



**JUNIOR BASKETBALL**

P. Dobson, A. Rawlings, S. Eakin, J. Woods, B. Newell  
S. Williams, J. Gordon, B. Miller, S. Rogers  
S. Smith, D. Smith, T. Mitchell  
R. Caridi



## HILLCREST SKI-MEET

At last the long-awaited day, March 5, arrived for our 'sensational' ski-meet at Hillcrest, where we competed against the second B.C.S. team. Accompanied by our energetic coach, Miss Robertson, our enthusiastic supporter, Miss Irwin, and our wounded manager, Sue Minnes, we set off in two taxis. 'We' consisted of Andy Rutherford, Cynthia Molson, Ann Henderson, Margaret Ogilvie and yours truly.

Although we were heartily greeted by B.C.S., their coach, Mr. Evans, lost no time before sending us up to help pack 'The Upper Standard.' (A faint suspicion still remains about whether he might be trying to exhaust us all). However, it was not long before the trail was packed and the red, green and blue flags set up.

The most terrifying experience was waiting nervously between two red poles until the time-keeper received the all-clear signal over the wireless. At the start-off he gently placed his hand on your back, slowly counted the last five seconds, and then proclaimed the fatal 'Go.' The course was steep, but fairly straight except for a dreadful 's' turn which caused many a spill and a great deal of lost time.

Next came the Slalom. Frantically we waited our turn at the top, trying to remember each peculiar curve and the meaning of the various coloured flags. Even more courage was required for this start-off than for the former. We did not have a hand tapping gently on our backs, but to our complete and utter horror, out of the corner of our left eye we could see Mr. Evans swinging a gigantic pole as he counted the final fleeting seconds. Although the course was not very steep, it was tricky and rather icy.

After the races, both Compton and B.C.S. gathered in the lodge to await the total score. While waiting we had hot dogs and cocoa, played darts, and chatted about the various exciting events of the afternoon. Eventually it was legally announced that Compton had won the meet with a substantial margin ahead of Bishop's. With this we burst out with a hearty 'Three Cheers for Bishop's,' which was enthusiastically answered by the boys. Finally farewells and thanks were exchanged as both groups climbed wearily but happily into their respective taxis.

The team is especially grateful to Miss Robertson for her constant instruction, patience and enthusiasm throughout the season.

PEGGY ROSS, Matric

## SKIING

This year we were fortunate in receiving a gift from heaven in the person of Miss Robertson. I know that we are all extremely grateful to her for the interest she has taken and for the amount of spare time she has spent in passing ski-tests and helping potential "shuss-boomers."

The prospects of "getting to Hillcrest" have been much better, because we have had more snow than in recent years. This has inspired beginners to master that stem-turn, and old-timers to toy with the idea of practising slalom.

To us, Hillcrest is a real hill some forty-five minutes by bus, which boasts rope-tows, some trails, and several good open slopes. We have been over several week-day afternoons, and, I believe, enjoyed it to the utmost.

The climax of the ski-season, however, was a race against B.C.S. at Hillcrest on March 5th. We won. I hope that this will inspire a yearly ski-team and more racing. The potential ability in this school is amazing.

Altogether about fifty girls went to Hillcrest this year. Here are the girls who made the K.H.C. Ski Team: Andrea Rutherford, Margaret Ogilvie, Cynthia Molson, Peggy Ross, Ann Henderson and Siri Strom.

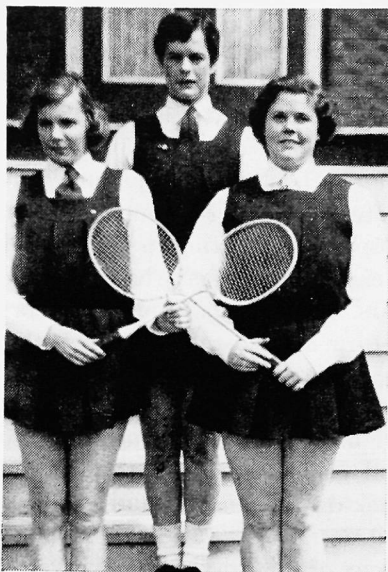
The Manager, Sue Minnes, also an excellent skier, had to confine her perilous descents to the stairways of King's Hall. Her cast was *not* the result of a ski-accident.

SIRI STROM, Matric



SKI TEAM

C. Molson, P. Ross, A. Henderson  
A. Rutherford, M. Ogilvie  
S. Minnes



## BADMINTON

On the whole, this was a good year for badminton. There was much enthusiasm on the part of many of the girls and an unusually large number entered the tournaments.

The junior doubles has not yet been played off because one of the finalists has had a minor injury. The senior doubles was won by Peta Hunt and Mary Gilmour, who defeated Ann McNally and Alison Mackenzie 18-16 and 15-11.

For the singles, the junior tournament was won by Tony Mitchell who defeated Ann Rawlings 15-7, 18-2. In the senior tournament Andrea Rutherford defeated Ann McNally 13-15, 15-5, and 18-15.

Rideau is leading in points for badminton and at present Montcalm is a close second. The final results depend greatly on who wins the junior doubles tournament.

## SOFTBALL

This spring several Dimaggio fans have been busily hurling that softball around, but as yet no teams or games have been organized.

# Fashion and Beauty

Fashions and fads from all over the world collect in King's Hall. Here you see the quilted skirts everyone in North America is wearing, as well as less widespread but equally attractive fashions such as purple and white tuques—preferably white with purple—and men's socks reaching almost to the knee. As for ways to beauty, King's Hall is renowned for that . . . as far as the limits of Compton village. No fool can see the brisk "croc"-walks and the flickering flashlights at night and not realize that the King's Hall girls are taking every possible way to beauty. The following extracts may or may not be of benefit to you. We leave you to judge our fashions and beauty for yourselves.

In King's Hall, most of our vocal training comes from our struggle to make ourselves heard above the yelling on the corridors . . . You may notice that our voices are "ever soft, gentle and low."

—o—

Do *you* want lovelier eyes? Try studying under

blankets with a weak flashlight for that fascinating eye-shadow that never wears off.

—o—

Again creamy complexions parade through the school. Why? Simply because the water has been softened 200 or 300%.

Lo and behold! It's a lion, it's a leopard! You guessed it! It's Nev in her tiger pyjamas.

—o—

A blossoming of purple and white tuques and sweaters has sprung up throughout the year. Some of the types are annuals, some biennials, and a very few perennials.

—o—

Have your ears lost their sparkle? If so, do not despair. The time will come when, free from rules and regulations, your ears will shine forth in ear-ringed glory (not that the South Americans' ears do not).

—o—

The Inquisition has come back under a new name—private ballet. Torture racks are no longer in use; the idea is to stand with your back to the wall and have your toe touch the wall above your head, next to leap on the ground doing the splits and then to turn yourself inside out trying to make your feet touch your head. It's good for the figure, I believe. Ugh!

—o—

To get that perfect posture, we have been having races with books on our heads. Try getting up from a sitting position on the floor and walking the length of the room twice with a book on your head. If this does not work, the only thing to do is eat your meals strapped to a posture board. Then just try to slump.

—o—

Falling in love has become quite an expensive procedure, since one of the things people do when in that state is to carve their beloved's name on desks. A new rule has been imposed whereby for every letter carved one must pay two dollars. My advice is, don't fall in love, but if you have to, fall for someone with a very short name or no name at all.

—o—

Notice to all those who look at pretty ankles! Buy a pair of dark glasses before looking at Myrne's, since they will be covered by a pair of strange and brightly coloured socks of an almost luminous quality.

—o—

Nobody was paying any attention to the general quadratic equation; we were all staring entranced at Miss Robertson's quilted skirt! We whispered quietly among ourselves that this innovation was rather

unconventional to say the least, but since the Easter holidays we have noticed that there are quite a number of these colourful skirts throughout the school. Pull on the skirt, button it up, fasten the belt (tight) and there you have it! The new 1952 hour-glass look! Quilted skirts are here to stay.

—o—

Yes, believe it or not, heels seem to be getting lower and lower—not just from spikes to loafers, but even as far as ballet shoes. We certainly believe in extremes.

—o—

Caprice now holds his head high, proud of the fact that Best & Co. of New York and Pierre Marcel of Boston have given him a total of three new poodle companions. Caprice still has the upper hand, as his "coiffure" is natural.

—o—

Heavy identification bracelets resembling handcuffs and highly unsuitable to the feminine wrist now impede quick arm movements.

—o—

Tunics, those short ballet-frills, have acquired the New Long Look.

—o—

Five-mile, non-stop 'croc'-walks, while not exactly pleasant, make for rosy English complexions and slimmer waist-lines.

—o—

The Matrics have been flaunting school rings around the building—rings so large that they occasionally fly off . . . But then school-rings do have an unusual ability, second only to that of diamond rings, to change owners.

—o—

Sunbathing recipe—One bottle of Johnson's Baby Oil patted gently on one pale human being, roast in sun for five hours, then turn. Repeat process.

Result—One deep-fried lobster.

Advice—Never try again.

—o—

How popular that blue denim is! Since "the year one" it has been forbidden in the form of slacks and somehow it always sneaks back.

—o—

The school is divided into two "Diets"—the Diet of Worms for the overweight, and the Diet of Frankfurters for the underweight.



## THE JUNIORS

This year we are a big group of twenty. At the Cottage you can find girls from everywhere—some from Rio, Bogota and Caracas. I've got very interesting room-mates—Jenny May who is my talking-box, and Elise Menasché who has a quick, fiery temper. She is a graceful ballet dancer. Jenny's pets are Helmet, Jolly, Teddy and Molly. They are all stuffed. Marjorie is very bad to her turtles—she likes turning them over on their backs. Lise Quenneville is always reading anywhere, anytime. Barbara is our good old grandma. She is always handing out good advice, and spends her time drawing girls in the latest models. Jareth is always looking in corners and other places while Susan Vickers and Judy Perron are forever popping up with "stupid" ideas that always work out. Bambi is the lady from Paris with Lise's high heels and lipstick. Downstairs we have Cynthia and Wendy, who are great pals. Diana is always worrying about how much she weighs. Joanne is wonderful in sports and good at all the risky things. Beverley and Jane are the youngest and smallest in the school. Pat Elvidge seems always to be screaming and yelling and comes out with the queerest remarks. Sue Southby skips and jumps and pops out after you. Then comes Robin, who often thinks about running away but who hasn't the heart to do it. Lucy, the author, will not say much about herself because there is too much to say.

LUCY DOUCET, IV A

## THE GIRL GUIDES

The King's Hall Juniors are the only Girl Guides in Compton. There are four patrols, the Robins, Swallows, Thrushes and Orioles. All of us, I am sure, like Guides.

Miss Parfit is our Captain and Mademoiselle Lambert our Lieutenant. They are always there with new games and ideas and are always willing to help us.

For the Memorial Service for our late King we all put on our Guide uniforms and saw that we were clean and tidy, then at the Church walked, rather proudly, down the aisle to a special position in the front.

I am sure that many of us after we leave here will try to go on being Girl Guides and will try to attend meetings regularly.

JENNIFER MAY, IV A

## LULLABY

Hush my little baby,  
Do not make a peep,  
Drink your milk in bed,  
Then drop off to sleep.  
Mother's sitting near you,  
Rocking in her chair,  
Knitting a little pink bonnet  
To cover your golden hair.

JOANNE MILLAR, IV B



## LA TRUCHA

Mirando en la laguna  
De diáfano cristal  
La trucha resolosa  
Cualquiera que viene y va.

Ligera cual la flecha  
Si acaso más veloz  
La trucha surca el agua  
Contenta y sin temor.

Un hombre la contempla  
Con pésima intención.  
"Oh trucha maliciosa  
Que velas la intención."

Sin tiempo y sin malicia  
La trucha se alejó  
Burlándose del pobre  
Impaciente pescador.

ELISE MENASCHE, IV B

## MARY AND HER BABY

Mary had a little child,  
Very sweet and kind and mild.  
Mary, mother of the child,  
Named her babe the Saviour mild.  
Of all the angels one came and bent  
Near the place where Jesus spent.  
Of all the wishes one came true,  
While Jesus Christ grew and grew.

ROBIN SMITH, IV B



## BAMBI

Bambi is a little deer,  
Very kind and sweet.  
He would jump through all the forests,  
On his nimble, tiny feet.

ROBIN SMITH, IV B

## THE COMING OF CHRISTMAS

It was Christmas Eve, a calm, quiet night;  
Then all of a sudden came a wonderful sight,  
A jolly old man with a sackful of toys,  
Especially there for good girls and boys.

He filled the stockings with goodies galore,  
And because of their weight they fell to the floor.  
And so greatly loaded was the Christmas tree,  
That even old Santa Claus laughed with glee.

With a tweak of his cap and a wink of his eye,  
He went up the chimney and rode through the sky.  
Then in the morning (Christmas Day)  
The children came down in their best array.

The gifts were unwrapped and the crackers went bang.  
Then the children all danced and played and sang.  
But that night the children stopped feeling gay,  
For now was the end of a perfect day.

JENNIFER W. MAY, IV A



### MY DREAMS

When little white lambs are roaming the hills,  
And our world is clothed in daffodils,  
When the meadows are splashed with the golden  
light  
And the birds are back on their homeward flight,  
The world doesn't seem like it used to be,  
But a land of pleasant dreams to me.

When the robin is bursting his throat with tune,  
And the lilac bushes are full in bloom,  
When the shepherd is tenderly watching his flock,  
And the earth is clothed in her new spring frock,  
I feel that the world is mine alone  
And just for me its glories are shown.

In fields of clover I would sleep  
While blankets of blossoms round me keep,  
With the grasses below and the heavens above,  
I'd bury myself in the things I love;  
But that's one of my dreams that will never come  
true,  
And the kind of thing we just can't do.

So I'll keep on treading the path of life  
And keep on going through joy and strife,  
And try to forget the monotony  
And to think of the life ahead of me;  
I hope it will be like my glorious dreams,  
Though heaven is doubtful to me, it seems.

JENNIFER MAY, IV A



### THE FIRST SNOW STORM

Down comes the snow, flake by flake. It is very clean when it falls and everything is covered with a white blanket. Winter is coming! Your mother gets out your boots, slacks, and a play suit and mitts.

When a storm starts in the afternoon the wind comes up and blows and whistles. Mr. North Wind is blowing with all his might. Now it is getting dark and the stars go away. The snow whirls 'round and 'round as if it were on a merry-go-round. The house creaks and groans till you sometimes think it will fall down.

A crack! Then another . . . What could it be? Then a crash . . . a tree is down! The lights go off, because that tree fell on a wire and broke it. You might get a candle and watch the storm, but there is not much to see but a blizzard of snow that rises and falls. This is what a Canadian snow storm is like.

LUCY DOUCET, IV A

### SPRING'S APPROACHING

As the sun beamed on the snow-covered path,  
I saw an elf dance by and laugh,  
"Call the robins all, not some,  
Tell them that the spring has come."  
And soon each robin redbreast knew  
Exactly what he had to do.

They flitted past the haunts of deer,  
And they soon knew that spring was here.  
They soared through fields of daffodils,  
And saucily perched on window sills,  
Chirping out their joyous song,  
"Spring is coming; it won't be long."

JENNIFER MAY, IV A

### THE CHAMPION COWBOY

The cowboy that I am thinking of is Roy Rogers. He is a very busy man, with a wife and one or two children. Roy's wife was Dale Evans before she got married. He has the champion horse of the West, whose name is "Trigger." I will tell about some of his exciting adventures.

One day he decided to go to his old ranch and see how the people who had bought the ranch were getting on. Dale was there with the children. Roy got there and to his surprise they shot him. Dale came out and took him in to the doctor who lived there. He said that Roy would be all right, and nothing very bad happened to him. Then they rode away in the moonlight.

ROBIN SMITH, IV B

# LITERARY



## ON CLASS-ROOM ARTISTS

As every school has teachers, so every class has class-room artists. These gifted souls fall roughly into three groups—the ones who listen to the teacher, absorb the lesson, and draw (very rare); those who listen, do not absorb, and draw (most common); and those who devote themselves completely to their art (not too common).

The pupils who listen to the teacher, absorb the lesson, and draw at the same time are rare geni. Their drawings are not understood and are put under the heading of "modern art." They themselves, however, after spending several years doing this, begin to behave strangely—they find they cannot talk without a pencil in their hands; they cannot read without a radio soap opera blaring in their ears; and some extreme cases end up drawing algebraic figures and historic faces over every wall they see.

The ones who listen, do not absorb the lesson, and draw during classes are the most common type. They give the appearance of comprehending, but may be readily discovered by the blank expression on their faces when asked a question. The students in this group are usually amateur artists. They are warned about drawing by a sudden silence in the room and possibly a few harsh words. Their vengeance is usually expressed in a horrible caricature of the teacher. Their marks are low, but their drawing sometimes improves. This type usually marries quickly once out of school—and never draws again.

The third type—the fanatics who devote themselves purely to art—are quite unpopular with the teachers. It is relatively easy to place the members of this group, for their drawings are sure to create a commotion during class time and rows of craning necks give away the artist. One of the most annoying things about them is the way they decorate their text books—especially when they are handed down to you. I must admit the covers are often beautifully re-designed, but . . . well, it is hard to discover the square on the hypotenuse when the hypotenuse has been made into a bungalow, or study Napoleon when his dates have been gaily interwoven in the rows on the page. This type, strangely enough, usually continues art once out of school and ends up among the successful artists.

I have been able to give you this authentic information, for I am very well versed on the subject. You see, I too, am a class-room artist! Which group I belong in, however, I shall leave to your imagination.

ANNE LUCAS, Matric

## THE COMPANIONS

"I tell you, Pete, that dog is too old. He should be destroyed!" Peter MacDougal turned to look at the man standing at his side.

"That's a nice animal you have there," he remarked, indicating the setter at the heel of George Ferguson. "Fond of him?"

"Why, yes, I guess I am. This dog may not be as beautiful as the ones in my kennel, but he's a good companion."

"A companion is he? What do you think old Gregg is to me? No, man, I'll not take the creature's life. His time will come soon enough."

"But, Pete, look at him! Why he can hardly move. He's well over fourteen, isn't he? Aye, and no dog is happy when he has passed his twelfth year. After that his limbs become stiff and his breath short. Look at Gregg now, he is tired from that walk up the hill."

Both men looked at the dog lying on the road at their feet. He was a magnificent creature, with a strong, muscular body, and a graceful but intelligent head. His ruddy coat shone as he lay panting in the sunshine.

"Aye, the dog is a wee bit tired, but so am I," replied Pete. "We are both getting on in years, but you wouldn't think of having me destroyed, would you? No, Gregg and I will die shortly, of that I have no doubt, but we'll both do so with no help from anyone else."

With that old Pete turned his back on the startled young man he was addressing and shuffled away.

"Come Gregg," he called back over his shoulder and the dog rose to his feet and plodded after his master.

"Poor Gregg," whispered Pete to his friend after he had washed up the supper dishes and tidied his cabin. "You and I have passed fifteen years together, and we'll pass the last one together too."

"That night, about midnight, Gregg got up from his hearth and made his way to his master's bed. Something was wrong, and the dog whined as he nuzzled the hand on the bed clothes.

"Now Gregg," he heard that familiar voice weakly call, "everything is all right, boy; lie down now, beside the bed." The dog obeyed. The hand reached down to scratch his ears. "Aye, laddie, there's nothing to worry about."

Early the next morning George Ferguson and his dog strode up the path to Pete's cabin. When no one answered his knock, George pushed open the door and went in.

"Pete," he called, "Pete, I've brought ye some



bread that . . . " he stopped abruptly. There on the bed was Pete. His hand rested on the shoulder of his dog, which uttered a low, warning growl.

As George Ferguson looked down upon the two he smiled. "Aye, ye were right, Peter MacDougal, and I pray to God you will forgive me for what I am going to do." So saying he raised his rifle. "Gregg, ye understand, don't you?" he pleaded. "You have nothing to live for now that Pete has gone." The growl increased to a rumble as the dog watched the man. "Good-bye Gregg, ye'll be seeing Pete soon, boy," and he shot.

The dog stood still. A look of bewilderment crossed his face. He turned, seeking his master. Slowly he sank, but before he had fallen completely he turned once again to look at George. Aye, Gregg understood. His eyes were bright and his countenance happy. He would no longer be parted from Pete.

George stood still for a few minutes before he turned to leave the cabin. Somewhere, he knew, somewhere far away, the companions were together again.

CONNIE ROPER, VI B

### TO ANYONE WHO HAS EVER READ THE LESSON

The lesson's been chosen, the day has arrived,  
Excuses were futile, Lord knows how you tried!  
And now with your Bible, and butterflies too,  
You stand by the Juniors, and shake till you're blue.

First Miss Gillard appears—Now they're singing  
the hymn.

Good Heavens! What next? You'll soon have  
to begin.

The prayers just take seconds, you've a frog in  
your throat,

Your hands are now trembling, which you hope  
they won't note;

Well, you take a deep breath, and get up to your  
feet;

Your knees feel like water, you're as red as a beet!  
You begin your first words, you're choking with  
fear—

And can you guess why? . . . . The staff's critical  
ear!

You plod bravely on, you're getting more steady,  
Now the ending—Remember? Take a breath, . .  
are you ready?

"Here endeth the lesson," I'm finished at last!!  
But I know what was wrong—I read it too fast!!!

ALISON MACKENZIE, VI A

### GARDENS

Gardens are sometimes a wonder, always a delight. From every aspect they are charming; in every weather they are lovely. They glow in the sunlight and sparkle in the rain. They lighten a dull day or make joyous a sad one. They are among the most precious gifts of nature.

There is nothing quite so beautiful as a garden in the sunshine, unless perhaps it is a garden in the rain. "A garden in the rain" makes me think of a pale grey sky; a stretch of lawn, rich and green; and flowers—delicate colours in the half-light—sprinkled continuously by a fine steady shower. The gentle rain nods the golden tossing heads of daffodils in the spring-time, the pastel perfection of roses in the summer, and the deep mellow colours of chrysanthemums in autumn. It gives the garden new life and a fresh exuberance. A garden is always gayer after rain, and because you love it, you are gayer too.

A garden in the evening is shadowy and mysterious. The flowers of the garden in the evening are merely memories of the flowers of the day. Their fragrance on the soft evening breeze is subtle, yet so touching that you catch your breath in wonder at its poignancy. It is like the happiness of childhood which you thought you had forgotten, but which floods back in an unguarded moment and warms your heart with joy that it once was, and sadness that it is no more. Everything in the garden is at rest and very still. The only sound is the drowsy chirping of crickets which enhances rather than disturbs the silence. The peace is almost holy, and you go away feeling unaccountably moved by so simple a thing as a garden in the evening.

When you first think of a garden you see a garden in the sunshine. You see the vivid blue of stately delphiniums, the dusky red of roses and the bright yellow of pansies. You smell lavender and sweet william. Perhaps, if you are young enough, you feel the soft tickling of grass under your bare feet. Perhaps you see an old low stone wall surrounding the garden, or your mother cutting flowers for vases in the house. Everything is glorying in the warm sun—flowers turn up their faces to it, trees lift their branches to it. The garden is golden—not the colour itself, but the feeling it creates, its associations and rich splendour. In "golden" is the essence of a garden in the sunshine.

A garden, then, is never the same; it varies with the whim of the heavens. When they pour down rain it is submissive, when they fade and dim it is quiescent, and when they shine it is gladdened. The world is full of gardens, ever changing. Through war and peace, through confusion and tranquility, they will remain forever lovely and beloved.

## THE HEART OF A CHINA DOLL

The pretty little china shepherdess on the mantle-piece yawned and stood up.

"Hansel!" she whispered, tapping the china shepherd beside her with her golden crook. "Wake up, sleepy head. We must get into our proper places before Mr. and Mrs. Brant come down!"

"Tina, you always fuss so," protested Hansel sleepily. "You know that Sunday is the day they sleep in."

"Oh, I forgot! Dear Hansel, please forgive me," said Tina in a penitent tone.

"Tina, my sweet, you do so many silly things that I am quite used to them," said Hansel with a rueful smile. "Of course I forgive you."

Hansel, now wide awake, stood up and proceeded to smooth his rumpled clothing.

"It's a good thing for us that this silver vase is always kept so shiny," he remarked as he straightened his hat before it. "Eliza polishes it every day, just after she dusts us." He chuckled. "Little does she know what a good mirror it makes!"

But Tina was too busy tying the blue bow on her crook to listen to him. Suddenly she cried in an exasperated tone, "Hansel! I can't do it properly! It still flops! It just won't look perky!"

She sat down with a flounce of her many petticoats.

"This happens every morning," she wailed. "Oh, I wish I were dead! We sit on this old mantlepiece all day and pose for people until we are ready to drop with tiredness! And what do we get in return? A few 'Oh, isn't she sweet,' or, 'those two make a lovely pair?' Don't you ever get tired of it too, Hansel?" and she burst into tears.

Hansel knelt down beside her.

"Tina dear, we have each other and that's all I could ask for," he said consolingly. "I admit that it's a very tiresome job we have to do, but think of the pleasure some people get merely from looking at us. And Tina, never say you wish you were dead," he added quietly. "If you died, I think I should die too. Come now, dry your tears and get up. Mr. and Mrs. Brant will be coming in soon."

Tina was at last persuaded to make herself presentable again, and when Mrs. Brant entered the living-room the pair were smiling at each other, and no one would ever have guessed that Tina had been crying.

"Eliza!" Mrs. Brant called, "don't forget to dust the shepherd and shepherdess today. I'm going out, so please see that the house is in perfect order."

"Yes, ma'am," said Eliza. "I'll have it neat as a pin in no time".

She picked up a duster and began to dust the mantlepiece. First she dusted around the little figures, then holding them in her hand flicked the cloth lightly over them.

"I'll just put these two back," she mused to herself, "and then I'll get on with the ironing. There—Oh! Merciful Heavens! What have I done?"

Tina lay broken into a thousand pieces at Eliza's feet. One white arm had been flung onto the red carpet and looked pathetically helpless lying there. The little face was shattered beyond recognition.

Hansel, unable to move, stood with the smile frozen on his face, and kept the secret of the china dolls even in his moment of greatest grief.

"I cannot move now and give it all away," he thought desperately. "Oh Tina! Tina, my dearest!" he cried silently.

That night Hansel's soul died, but who was to know, for his appearance had not changed, though Mrs. Brant noticed little lumps on either of his cheeks next day, and puzzled over them for a long time. She'll never know, but you and I know that they are the tears which he shed for Tina, the pretty little shepherdess whose death broke his heart.

SHEILA DOUGLAS LANE, VI B

—o—

## LE REVE D'UN LION CAPTIF

Je suis couché sur la paille dans ma triste cage. Depuis quelques années je mène une vie solitaire, désespérante—la vie d'un lion captif.

Mais je n'ai pas toujours ainsi vécu, et quelquefois, quand au dehors la nuit est venue, qu'un rayon de lune entre dans ma cage, et que le vent crie et se lamente, je rêve . . .

Je retourne dans la jungle où je suis à nouveau roi—je rôde le long des sentiers sinueux de la forêt, passant fièrement devant les autres animaux qui fuient à mon approche et se cachent. Je vais sans peur près des serpents, des éléphants et des tigres. Je règne absolument en maître, et, toute la nuit, je chasse, tue, joue, et me réjouis de ma liberté.

Bientôt, je me retrouve dans ma cage et redeviens le lion captif; mais j'endure cette vie parce que je sais qu'une nuit, alors qu'il fera noir comme dans un four, que la lune disparaîtra derrière un nuage, que le vent criera et se lamentera, dans mes rêves je redeviendrai le roi des animaux.

ANNE LUCAS, Matric

## THE HERITAGE

Alice stood for a few minutes outside the oaken door; then she resolutely opened it, and stepped into the large, shadowy nursery. The twins were already in their beds on one side of the huge fireplace. Just turned five, Rosemary and Carolyn still had the blond hair and blue eyes of childhood. They seemed so alone and lost in their large room, dancing with the shadows from the fire and the many candles, that Alice felt her sorrow well up in her again as she looked at them.

"I've come to read your bedtime story, darlings," she managed to say. "What would you like?"

The expression on their solemn faces did not change.

"We want Mummy!" Rosemary cried. "Auntie, why doesn't Mummy come?"

Alice closed her eyes, but still she saw the black headlines before her, "Young Couple Killed in Motor Accident," and farther down, "Survived by Twin Daughters."

"Mummy won't be coming any more, dears," she said gently, "but I'll be with you, and we're going to have lots of fun."

The twins looked at her with their wide, unbelieving blue eyes.

"Read 'The Three Bears'," said Carolyn suddenly; "Mummy read it to us the other night."

"Fine! Now you hop under the covers, and let me tuck you in and then I'll begin to read."

She tucked the covers carefully around each bed, and then hesitatingly stooped to kiss the little faces. Going over to the shelf she found the worn story book in its accustomed place. Taking it, she drew the wicker chair closer to the fire and began to read.

"Once upon a time, many long years ago . . ."

After about five minutes she looked up. The twins had not moved, but lay flat and still beneath the covers.

"You haven't finished!" they both cried. "Mama Bear hasn't found the porridge yet."

Hastily Alice began to read again. A few minutes later she looked up without stopping her reading. Rosemary's eyes were closed, but Carolyn still lay there, staring at the ceiling.

". . . and the Three Bears lived happily together ever after."

Alice closed the book softly, and put it back on the shelf. Both the twins' eyes were closed, and she could hear their deep, even breathing. Quietly, she turned to put the screen before the fire.

"Auntie Alice," a small voice startled her, as she

was beginning to snuff out the candles. Carolyn was regarding her solemnly over Rosemary, who was fast asleep.

"You know, don't tell her this, but you read much better than Mummy. She stumbles." She smiled shyly. "Night, sleep tight."

Alice looked down at the two motherless children for a long time. She had had no idea of what she was to do in changing from an aunt to being not only an aunt, but also a mother and father. Now she was no longer afraid of her task. The twins would help her, and her sister, wherever she was, would have two children to be proud of, of that she was sure. She smiled down at the two golden heads as if signing a pact with them. Then the candles were blown out, and softly Alice closed the door.

SUSANNE CHESTER, VI A

## THE CHICKEN POX

Hush, hush!  
Nobody say!  
It isn't official,  
I heard it from K.

"K heard the doctor say to Miss M.

'It isn't too certain just now!'"

"But J. said she saw them all over her face."

"And M. hasn't had them, you know."

Hush! hush!  
Whisper it low,  
It isn't official—  
We're not meant to know.

"It couldn't be true or we'd have been told."

"The nurse must be sure by today."

"You never can tell, she might just have the flu."

"It's very contagious, they say."

Hush! hush!  
It mightn't be true,  
It isn't official—  
It might be just flu.

"What will we do if we cannot go home?"

"Don't think of such things; they aren't nice."

"I'm going home whether I catch them or not."

"T. says her Dad had them twice!"

Hush! hush!  
It's only mid-term,  
And it isn't official—  
It's not been confirmed.

C. MOLSON, Matric

## THE PRINCE AND THE PAUPER

In a bright sunny living room, on a blue silk cushion, lay Sneuf-Ben-Adeuf, a prize smoky grey Persian cat. He blinked his eyes sleepily, sniffed at the saucer of minced flet-mignon and cream, and gazed dreamily out the window.

Suddenly from behind the garden wall came loud noises. Sneuf went to investigate. A scraggly creature with half an ear, a few tufts of fur on his tail and a green squirming object in his mouth, came leaping over the wall. Seeing Sneuf he hastily laid the object on the ground and held it there with one very bedraggled paw.

When Sneuf had recovered his wits he opened up the conversation with, "Excuse me, Sir, I don't believe we have met before. Allow me to introduce myself. My name is Sneuf-Ben-Adeuf, the twenty-sixth descendent of....."

"Glad to meet cha, Pal," broke in the alley-cat. "Me name's Dan the alley-cat, but me buddies call me Ring Tail Pete, though not to me face of course."

Sneuf was rather taken back by this because he had never encountered an animal such as this before, and was rather indignant at being interrupted as he was introducing himself, but his curiosity overcame his dignity and he asked the alley cat, "I say, Mr. Ringtail, what-er-what is that object under your paw?"

"Dat? oh dat's a froug. Aintcha niver seen a froug before? They's real tasty eatin'; there, take a chaw and see how you like it."

With this, Ringtail pulled off a leg, and offered it to his new-found friend. Closing his eyes, and hoping for the best, Sneuf took a small bite, but to his surprise found it better than any minced flet-mignon.

"Yes Sur," continued Ringtail, "best food in the world. I'll tell ya wot. Meet me ta night, over da fence at eight-o'clock, and I'll take ya to Mitler's Pond, where ya can have a dozen, and wot's more, catch'em yourself," and before you could say "Sneuf-Ben-Adeuf," he was gone.

There was a clear bright moon that night, and in the garden Sneuf waited patiently for the low whistle which would be Pete's signal. There it was, and he was over the fence in an instant. Then the two cats started off for Mitler's Pond. The crickets were chirping and the mosquitoes biting as they caught frogs and more frogs. After a few lessons from Ringtail, Sneuf soon caught on to it, and though the beautiful fur was now matted and green with slime, Sneuf's eyes gleamed and every time he caught a frog he gave an excited shriek.

About four in the morning, just as the sun was coming up, Sneuf and Ringtail made their way home, but on the road stopped for a little drink of catnip, to celebrate the occasion. Then finishing up the frogs they continued on their way. Sneuf frequently referred to his friend as "Petesy, old pal," but Ringtail decided this was because his friend had had a wee bit too much catnip.

At the wall Sneuf solemnly waved good-bye to his friend, and disappeared over the side; though battered and bruised, dirty and dusty, he certainly agreed that, as Ringtail put it, "Dat was sure a swell time!"

JILL WOODS, V A

## LE PETIT PECHEUR

Jean est un petit garçon qui aime à pêcher. Il a un endroit favori, sous un grand orme, à côté d'un ruisseau, à environ un kilomètre de chez lui. Jean aime à y passer tout le jour, car il prend ordinairement beaucoup de poissons.

Un beau matin de juin, Jean a couru le long du chemin vers le ruisseau. Lorsqu'il est arrivé, il s'est assis sous son arbre. Il a mis aussitôt un ver à son hameçon, puis il l'a jeté dans l'eau. Pendant deux heures, Jean a attendu les poissons, mais en vain. Alors, découragé, il a mangé le bon petit déjeuner qu'il avait apporté. Ensuite, il a recommencé à pêcher, mais il n'a pas eu plus de chance que le matin. — Pourquoi les poissons n'ont-ils pas faim aujourd'hui? Ordinairement, j'en prends beaucoup. Je ne comprends rien à cela. Je vais aller essayer plus loin, à l'autre bout du ruisseau, a dit Jean.

Il s'est levé et a suivi le petit cours d'eau pendant vingt minutes. Tout à coup, il a vu un autre petit garçon, assis sur une roche, qui pêchait aussi.

Jean s'est approché et lui a demandé s'il avait attrapé beaucoup de poissons.

— Oui, a répondu l'enfant, j'en ai bien vingt-cinq dans mon panier. Et toi, combien en as-tu? Viens-tu souvent ici?

— Oui, presque tous les jours, mais ce matin je n'ai rien pris. Je pense que c'est parce que toi, tu les as tous attrapés, a dit Jean en riant.

— Ah! je suis navré, a repris l'autre.

— Ce n'est pas ta faute, a répliqué Jean.

Le jour baissait, les deux petits garçons ont décidé de retourner chez eux. Jean a pris un chemin et son ami en a suivi un autre.

Malgré son désappointement, Jean était content de savoir pourquoi les poissons avaient été rares ce jour-là.

ANNE McNALLY, VI B





## A DAY OFF

Judith was busy getting breakfast for her husband. It was, as usual, six-thirty in the morning and since John had not got around to installing electricity in their country home, all the candles were lit, giving her enough light to see what she was doing.

Clomp, clomp, clomp, down the stairs and into the kitchen. "Good-morning, Dear! Nothing like waking up to the twitter of the birds, the smell of coffee, and the thought of my little wife down in the kitchen preparing breakfast for her beloved husband!"

"Oh John, do be quiet! You'll waken the children. I certainly don't want them down here any sooner than they have to be. You have no idea how sick and tired I am of living out here! No electricity, no friends—Work, work, work, and what for! Nothing! I slave my fingers to the bone, and all I hear from you is, 'my little wife' this, 'my little wife' that. It is fine for you. You don't have to cook three meals a day, feed your blasted chickens, clean the house, and look after three little scamps."

"Oh, now Dear, it isn't that bad. Ahem! You know in my day—well—I used to help my mother around the house looking after my brothers and sisters; pshaw—nothing to it; give them a book and they're good as gold."

"All right, my dear man, you've just let yourself in for something. I am going to town today to visit and you shall stay home and be mother and housewife. I stop right now! Oh, look dear; these eggs aren't cooked enough! You know how I like them. Please cook them a little longer."

"But . . . but . . . oh, all right. I'll just prove to you that . . ."

"Morning, Mommy."

"What's for breakfast, Mommy?"

"Mommy, tell us a story, please."

"Good morning, you little sweets. No, Mommy is busy now; go to Daddy."

"But Mommy!"

"John, please control the children! You know I don't like being disturbed when I read my paper."

"Eat your breakfast, you three."

"Yes, Daddy."

"I think I'll have a sleep before I leave. Don't forget to heat the water for washing. While that's heating you can make the beds."

"Nothing to it, Dear! Nothing to it!"

*An hour later:*

"Mommy, come quick! Quick! Mommy."

"Wh . . . wh . . . oh it's you, Jane. You know better than to wake me up. Go to your father."

"But, Mommy, it's Daddy! He's caught; he's caught his tie in the wringer; come quick, Mommy."

She ran downstairs.

"It's about time you came, Judith. I've been in this position for the past fifteen minutes and the children weren't any help. Oh, there, thank you. Ooh, my back! Now you go and get ready. We'll be fine now."

*Half-an-hour later:*

"Bye, Dear. Feed the children dinner at noon. There is food in the frig. They can have a light meal to-night. Don't forget to feed the chickens, let the dog out, dust and sweep. The children sleep in the afternoon and while they're sleeping you can mend."

"Yes, Dear; no, Dear; yes, Dear; good-bye, Dear. Have a wonderful time, Dear. We'll be fine!"

"Bye Mommy," the three children cried. "Take us with you, please, oh please."

"Bye, everyone!"

*Eight o'clock that night:*

"Stop that confounded banging in there! You're supposed to be asleep."

"But Daddy, Mommy always reads us a story before we go to sleep."

"Well, I just haven't time. I have to do all the housework yet. How was I supposed to know Ginger chases the chickens if he's out by himself? You should have told me. I couldn't help it if I had to chase those birds all over creation, could I? Could I? Well, answer me!"

"No Daddy, you couldn't, but Mommy is always careful and Daddy, she does read us a story when we go to bed."

"Oh, all right; where's the light switch?"

"But Daddy, you know we don't have no electricity."

"Not 'no', 'any.' Is it my fault we haven't any electricity?"

"Yes, Daddy. The candles are over here."

"Once upon a time . . . . ."

*Ten minutes later:*

"That's enough for now. Good-night, sleep tight."

"Ha! ha! Daddy, you're so funny! Isn't he, Jane? But Daddy, can we have a glass of water, please?"

"No, you have asked for enough things. Now, good-night!"

He went quickly to the telephone and desperately called his next door neighbour. Twenty minutes later, Dorothy Pringle arrived and, after listening to John's story, began to work! In an hour the house was absolutely clean.

"Dorothy, thank you so much. Oh, oh, here comes Judith; you'd better hide in the basement. I'll go upstairs to bed so she'll think I've done it."

Judith could see one light shining in the living room when she arrived.

"Funny, there seemed to be two people standing talking."

She came in the front door and looked in the living room. Everything was spotless, everything in the kitchen was immaculate. She went upstairs and looked in at the children. "Sound asleep, the little angels."

She walked to her bedroom and there was John sleeping peacefully. She shook him.

"Hello, Dear! I'm home. Had a wonderful day. It was so nice to see everyone. Did you enjoy yourself?"

"Hello, Darling, just a little tired . . . mumble, mumble. By the way, remind me to have electricity installed before to-morrow night."

Dorothy crept out of the basement chuckling to herself, blew out the lights in the living room, closed the door softly behind her, and walked across the field.

NONA HOPPER, VI A

### —o— SPRING AWAKENING

The air is sweet with church bell's peal,  
I can't express just how I feel.  
I want to jump, to dance, to sing,  
To welcome in the Lady Spring.

The earth is soft and moist and brown,  
The sun sends warm light streaming down,  
The birds among the bushes dart,  
And spring is singing in my heart.

The waters of the streamlets flow,  
Free now from winter's ice and snow.  
The trees are all a haze of green,  
A light blue sky peeps through their screen.

I love this time of joyful mirth  
When spring comes back again to earth,  
When buds burst out on all the trees,  
And spring steals in on every breeze.

HEATHER WOODS, VI B

### CLOCKS

Unlike my father, I agree with those who claim that movies are a pleasant way of spending an afternoon; unlike my grandfather, I insist that the telephone is a wonderful invention; unlike my brother, I feel very strongly that "Females" have their use in this modern world; but I refuse to believe that clocks are necessary instruments.

Time chains us down to the common task, the daily routine, and clocks everywhere remind us of this fact. I abhor and detest them. On a cold, bleak morning in a hushed city, the alarm shrills out that it is seven o'clock. You shut it off, and make an effort to rise . . . The clock on the church steeple bellows out eight heavy sonorous notes, and this time you do drag yourself out of bed. Right from the start, you are an enemy of that wretched clock. Perhaps you are shopping in Morgan's. Suddenly you see a little fine nylon blouse . . . just what you have been looking for. You rush over to the blouse counter. The minute hand on the large clock facing you jerks forward . . . a bell rings. You gasp, "May I please see that . . ."

"Sorry madam, closing time."

You resolve to come down early the following day to buy it. At twelve o'clock you appear at the doors . . . unfortunately, during the night the rest of the city changed to "Daylight Saving," and other clocks inform you that yours is an hour slow . . . the shop is closed. By mid-afternoon, however, you have triumphantly made your way to the blouse counter.

"Sorry madam, but the last one was sold this morning."

Thus it goes on. We change our ways, our wishes, to suit those of the clock. Perhaps if clocks were more fascinating, it wouldn't be so bad. How much more interesting it would be to have to go to the old sun-dial at the back of the little rock garden, to gaze at a small shadow which told you it was time to get up the children! How different it would be to hear the soft tread of the bent old watchman, as he made his way through dark, deserted streets, his lantern swinging back and forth, and his reassuring voice calling to all, "Twelve o'clock, and all's well."

No, we must listen to the endless ticking of the "Baby Ben" beside us. We must drag ourselves up with its shrill throbbing alarm ringing in our ears; we must go to bed with its solemn notes striking eleven o'clock. Man mastered its intricate designs, and the clock must now master him.

MARGARET OGILVIE, Matric



## THE CHAMPION LEARNS A LESSON

Danny and Davy stood on the sidewalk with the sun beating down on their inky black coats. These cocker pups were identical twins, alike in every respect but one. Danny had a left white forepaw but Davy's right forepaw was white. Usually the pups were very gay, chasing cats, romping and playing together; but not to-day; no, because to-day was the third day since either one had had a bite to eat and both were very hungry.

They stood with their usually wagging tails drooped between their legs, and their heads poked through the bars of the fence which surrounded Arthur Perrywinkle's house. (Arthur was his real name—Perrywinkle had been added when he was entered in a dog show). Now Arthur was, or rather used to be, their friend. He had been quite willing to share his dog house with them on cold nights and share his suppers with them when they could not beg enough food during the day, but that was before the big dog show.

When the three of them had been eating supper together four nights ago Arthur had told the pups about this great dog show.

"If I win this one," he boasted, "I'll be a champion."

"Honestly," squealed Danny, giving Davy a nip. "Just think, Davy, we'll have a champion for a friend!"

"What are dog shows like, Arthur?" asked Davy. "Are they fun?"

Before Arthur could answer, they heard a voice calling from the big mansion where Arthur's master lived.

"Arthur," the voice rang out. "Arthur Perrywinkle!" It was a cross voice and one that was not to be trifled with or kept waiting.

"Well, I'm on my way, fellows. Wish me luck!" and Arthur was gone, bounding towards the house where his master was waiting.

The next day the twins were up and on their way to Arthur's house bright and early. They wanted to hear all about the dog show before the chauffeur came to take Arthur for his morning walk.

Squeezing through the rails of the fence they ran over to the big dog house of their friend calling excitedly, "Arthur, wake up, Arthur."

But no Arthur appeared from the depths of the dog house. After calling again and again and still receiving no answer the pups gave up and left the grounds of the big mansion to search for their breakfast. Later on in the day they came back to the fence. There was Arthur, sunning himself on

the front lawn, but this was not the Arthur they had known who was always ready for a prank, who always had a mischievous gleam in his eye. No, this Arthur was different. Upon seeing the pups he stood up and walked quietly over to them with his head held high, looking very proud.

"Well, what do you want?" he asked when he reached the fence. "Can't you see I'm busy?"

"We just came over to find out how you did in the dog show," answered Danny.

"Did you win? Are you a champion?" continued Davy, wriggling with excitement.

"I won the blue ribbon for 'best in show,' and I am now Champion Arthur Perrywinkle to you. Now, if that satisfies your questions and you have nothing more to say, I bid you good day. Oh yes, wait; I would like to ask you not to come here any more. My master would be absolutely disgusted if he had a glimpse of you two." With that Champion Arthur Perrywinkle turned his back on the two bewildered little cocker pups and strutted back to his place in the sun.

"I can't think how I ever came to associate with such common curs," the twins heard him mutter to himself.

"What do you suppose got into him?" whispered Danny, shocked at the change in their friend.

"I guess that's what being a champion does to a fellow," returned Davy equally startled.

The two pups walked miserably away, bewildered and sad at losing their friend.

Three days had passed since the pups had left the iron fence, and those days had been full of misery. The people who usually gave the twins any left-over scraps had gone from the city for their summer holidays. There was nobody else even to think of the wretched little creatures except to give them a kick in the ribs or throw stones at them. Every day the twins had gone back to the iron fence to see whether Arthur had changed his mind or was only joking when he told them he did not care for their company any more, but apparently Arthur had not been joking. If he saw the twins coming he would get up and walk away.

The third day found the twins back at the fence with their heads poked between the rails. This time, however, they did not see Arthur. It was the early afternoon, about the time when Arthur liked to sun bathe.

"Wonder where he is?" mused Danny. "He can't be in the house at this time of day."

"Well, he isn't here, so we may as well go. Maybe we can find something to eat, today," answered the



impatient Davy. "It's no use trying to make friends with Arthur again. He is determined to snub us."

The two pups turned from the fence and trotted down the road. About two hours later, after an unsuccessful attempt at begging for their dinner, the twins turned into a vacant lot and lay down wearily in the warm sand.

"Look! Isn't that Arthur over there?" exclaimed Danny suddenly.

"I do believe it is! What's the fool trying to do, standing in the middle of the highway like that? He'll be killed!! Arthur, get off the road! Arthur!"

"He can't hear us. Yelling at him won't do any good. Come on, Davy, we'll have to chase him off." With that the pups sprang to their feet.

"We'll have to hurry," cried Davy. "There's a car just coming over the hill!" Out into the highway they ran, right into the path of the on-coming vehicle.

"Look out, Arthur, you'll be killed!" they shouted, running straight for the poor animal at such a fast rate that he had no other choice but run or be knocked over by them. The big dog cleared the highway in a few bounds, with the two pups close at his heels. They reached the edge of the highway not a second too soon. The car passed so close to them that the wind it made almost threw Davy off his feet.

"I don't know how I can thank you," began Arthur as the three of them sat down by the side of the road to catch their breath.

"Oh golly, please don't bother!" answered Danny and Davy together. "It wasn't anything."

"But after I have been so stupid for the past week, pretending I was better than you and—"

"Well, if that's all that's bothering you, never mind," cut in Danny. "We understand, don't we, Davy?"

"Sure, of course we understand. It isn't every day a fellow gets to be a champion. But we will never forgive you if you don't tell us about the dog show, and let us see the blue ribbon."

"Let's go to my kennel first and get something to eat. You pups look half-starved; then I will tell you my story."

Naturally neither Danny nor Davy argued about this arrangement. The three friends started off, keeping well away from the dangerous streets.

Later, after a good meal and a long chat, the two pups snuggled down beside Arthur to spend the night in the warmth and security of his dog house.

"Never again shall I value a blue ribbon more

than friendship," mused Arthur as he drifted off to sleep, "no matter how many ribbons I win for 'best in show' or for anything else. I'm lucky to have such good friends as Danny and Davy, who stick by me no matter what happens."

To this day he has kept his word. You never see the famed Champion, Arthur Perrywinkle, without a little black cocker twin on either side of him, one with a right white foot, the other with a left white foot.

CONNIE ROPER, VI B

—o—

## FRESH PAINT

Early one morning Joe, the handyman, was busy painting the back fence. Andy, a small black cocker pup, was cavorting gaily around him trying to get at the paint brush. Seeing he wasn't succeeding, the pup turned his attention elsewhere, to the can of paint. He tasted it and found it good.

Just then Joe caught him and yelled, "Get outa de cana of paint, mischiefmaker!"

Andy did, but was soon back again. Joe knew what to do, though. Finding a slab of wood he mixed the paint with glue and then, spreading it on the wood, he placed it before the busy dog.

"Dat should keepa you busy for a wile, pal," Joe thought.

This was going to prove true, too, for Andy, watching all this carefully, came over, sniffed at the board and tried to move off. He couldn't do this without getting his ears off the wood. He put his paw on and pulled, but this was stuck too. Another paw was stuck before he sensed that if he put anything on this thing it would not move. Andy gave up. Lying down, he gave a low whine which attracted Joe's attention.

"All-a stuck up, aren'ta you," said Joe. "Well here-a I come. We go take a bath."

As soon as he was free, Andy began cavorting around again. This soon ended. Joe, having a firm grip on the dog, propelled him to the tub. After a good scrub in water and turpentine he was finally set free. He ran to the farthest corner of the yard, lay down and promptly went to sleep.

Joe, who was laughing at him, suddenly said, "Dat pup, he will never again toucha de paint!"

He was right. Andy never did nor ever shall.

LYNN MORRIS, V B

## STONEEKI, THE EAST AFRICAN FAIRY

Once upon a time on the edge of the Belgian Congo in Africa, on the east side, there lived a little fairy named Stoneeki, with his family. He was quite an important little fairy in jungle life because his father, Ndundoo, ruled the cat family, that is, the lions and leopards. His mother's name was Mari-amoo, and he had two brothers called Kamau and Jerogi, and a sister called Tatoo. Stoneeki was not a faultless fairy—far from it! He would always run off after breakfast and would never help to wash up the coconut plates or jaracanda-blossom cups. He would go to bother the negroes of the nearby villages, or run into the jungle to be a perpetual pest to the animals, especially those which were under his father's rule.

It was a Friday morning and Ndundoo had asked Stoneeki to go off to get enough meat for the weekend. Stoneeki liked to do this and for once in his life he obeyed immediately. He was going to have some fun! He ran off to get his spear and bow and arrow. Kamau and Jerogi just laughed at him from the window in the palm leaves, but deep down in their hearts they were green with envy.

Stoneeki returned late that night with no meat and not even his bow and arrow. The reason was that he had been teasing the people of the village of Karatina until they had become so angry that, before he could become invisible, they had taken his bow and arrow. Then Stoneeki had to come home meatless **and** bow-and-arrowless. His parents were extremely angry and sent him to his bed of moss and leaves. None of his family had any meat that night, and Stoneeki had no food at all. The next day Kamau and Jerogi, who were twins, went off together to hunt, leaving Stoneeki to do all the dishes with no one's help but Tatoo's, and to do all the cleaning and dusting.

At about ten-thirty in the morning Kamau returned without Jerogi. Where was Jerogi? He had been captured by the people of Karatina and kept as a hostage until the things which Stoneeki had broken and stolen had been mended and repaid. Ndundoo strode off to get Stoneeki, who was then made to dig out all the things he had stolen and get some tools to mend the broken things. Ndundoo next told him in no uncertain tones to go over to Karatina right away to repair the things he had broken. On his way back he dropped a chisel on a monkey by mistake. The monkey chased him all the way home, and as Stoneeki was very tired, the monkey nearly caught him more than once. When eventually he did arrive home, tired and very

hungry, he was not allowed to eat even a crumb of bread until he had made the evening meal and set the table. Even then he was allowed no meat as further punishment; this fact was one over which Kamau and Jerogi (who had been restored) gloated exceedingly.

After that, Stoneeki changed as from black to white. He became great friends with Karatina's inhabitants, and he helped his father rule wisely and kindly over his subjects.

PHILLIPA HARVERSON, V A

## LE CHAPEAU DE GRAND'MERE

C'est le lendemain de mon anniversaire que je me rappelai que celui de ma grand'mère tombait le même jour que le mien. Grand'mère était une petite dame au doux sourire, que tout le monde aimait. Hélas! il y avait déjà longtemps qu'elle était morte.

Tout à coup, je pensai aux vieux habits qu'elle avait laissés dans le grenier. Je montai vite à cette chambre qui était très obscure et poussiéreuse.

J'allai à une grosse malle et en soulevai le couvercle. Sous le papier, qui recouvrait les habits, je trouvai beaucoup de belles robes et, au fond, un chapeau de forme bizarre. Il y avait un épais ruban de velours tout autour et une grande plume prête à tomber. Lorsque je pris le chapeau, la plume me resta dans la main. A sa place, je vis un morceau de papier. Les mots étaient presque effacés, mais il était possible de les lire tout de même: voici ce qui était écrit:

"Chère Toinette,

"Vous étiez toujours ma favorite et je crois que vous m'aimiez aussi. Dans le ruban de ce chapeau vous trouverez un collier pour vous.

"Je suis certaine que vous ouvrirez cette malle un jour. Prenez ce collier et portez-le en souvenir de moi."

Grand'mère.

Quand je défis le ruban, je vis un beau collier de rubis et de diamants. Très émue, les larmes aux yeux, je redescendis, serrant le précieux bijou dans mes doigts tremblants.

SHEILA DOUGLAS-LANE, VI B

## A NIGHT IN SLEEPY HOLLOW

Our tunics are hung by our bedsides with care—  
And in case of a fire-drill, our shoes are right there;  
The bell's gone for reading, we're all tucked in bed,  
Don't ask me what's passing through each little head.

For one quarter hour we are all very good—  
And read "les bons livres" that we're all taught  
we should;  
The lights then go out and we're told not to talk . . .  
Or else to the gym we will go and will walk.

We all lie quite still, till we're almost asleep;  
By the door of each room can be heard not a peep.  
The smile on the staff's face can easily be read—  
"The angels are sleeping—I'll now go to bed."

Then all of a sudden there starts such a clatter,  
We run to our doors to see what is the matter.  
"Don't panic!" yells one, "It's the maids doing  
dances,"  
As "Good-night Irene" strains come down  
through the transoms.

Now that we've wakened and feeling not tired,  
By the music upstairs we have all been inspired!  
"Let's all meet at Lindie's!" comes out of the black;  
"Let's all be in costume—Look! here's an old sack."

My room-mate dons bedspreads and shades from the  
wall—  
Without waiting for me—she goes off down the hall;  
I take me some cards and some chocolate bars few,  
Just in case we get bored without something to do.

When at last we're all gathered we turn on the light,  
But cover our eyes, 'cuz the — thing's so bright.  
But on looking, we laugh—laugh as hard as can be—  
For the costumes are funny—it's easy to see.

"Oh look! There's our 'Leafless' in costume quite  
bare—"  
"And heavens! There's Pen-Pen! Oh—how could she  
dare—?"  
"Oh Linda—you're funny—Is that from Jamaica?"  
"Shh! Hughes is asleep—Shut up, or you'll wake her!"

"Oh Dottie and Suzy—why didn't you dress?"  
"Ann Shields, my dear girl,—you are quite a mess."  
"Let's play cheat!" someone yelled as she slid to the  
floor—  
Someone else barred the window and someone the  
door.

A half an hour passed—and the chocolate was eaten;  
I felt most unhappy—in cheat I was beaten.  
Two or three were still playing—the rest only talking,  
When down the long hallway we heard footsteps  
walking.

A dead silence fell throughout the whole room  
As if we had just been condemned to our doom!  
At first they came closer, then farther away—  
A minute, right then, seemed as long as a day.

When the footsteps had died, we all sighed with relief,  
And soon had forgotten our swift passing grief.  
But just after Joannie let out a loud roar,  
I heard something rattle—My Gosh! 'Twas the door!

"Well! what have we here?" said our Mademoiselle  
(From an onlooker's view it was quite hard to tell.)  
But quick as a flash, she was joined by Miss Hughes  
With her black book at hand; we had plenty to lose.

We fled back to our rooms at a half-decent pace,  
And the smile that was there—had now left my face;  
But it came back a bit when I heard from above,  
"Bonsoir chère Irene," and then, "All my Love!"

As I lie here in bed thinking what fun we had  
I'm not sure I know if I'm sorry or glad . . . !  
But somehow I feel that it's possibly sorrow—  
For the oval is waiting for us on the morrow!

KATE MOLSON, VI A

## THE SHEPHERD

He was the strangest person I have ever seen.  
There he was, standing before me. His silky white  
hair hung loosely around his stooped shoulders.  
His face had an uncanny radiance about it. I  
looked into the cool grey eyes which were barely  
visible beneath his bushy brows. His beard, which  
was whiter than snow, hung almost to his waist.  
He stood there in his spotless robes of white, with  
one gnarled hand supporting an oddly carved staff,  
while the other was buried deep in the folds of his  
gown. His voice sounded like the deep murmuring  
of distant thunder, and as he spoke the young  
lambs which were frolicking around him stopped  
and clustered about his feet. I have never before  
seen a person who so captured my imagination.

HEATHER ANDERSON, VI A

## VI B SONG

Onward mighty ordermarks,  
 VI B's on the run,  
 Gilly's on the warpath,  
 Scatter every one;  
 Gym's foundations quiver,  
 At her words of wrath,  
 Hurry up poor VI B's,  
 Hurry and get lost.

*Chorus:*

Walking 'round the oval,  
 Shining every shoe,  
 That's what we'll be doing,  
 All next week for you.

Talking after lights are out,  
 Talking during prep,  
 Being late for breakfast,  
 That's why we get heck—  
 With Heather, Ann and Shippy,  
 Roge, Peg and Myrne—  
 Each unlucky VI B,  
 Each will have her turn.

*Chorus:*

So for forty years or more,  
 We will not forget,  
 Every Saturday morning,  
 When in the Gym we met.

JUDY TAYLOR, VI B

## ALL IS NOT GOLD THAT GLITTERS

Herbert Rabbit was a greedy, selfish little fellow. He wanted all the gold and money he could get for himself. He would give none to other people. Even his mother (Mrs. Long Whisker) was a tiny bit ashamed of him.

"Oh Herbert," she said one morning, "I do wish you would try to be just a little generous; you are so greedy, and you always try to get everything for yourself."

"No," said Herbert, "I like me; I want me to have everything."

With that he hopped out of the house and into the early morning sunlight. Herbert of course was not

interested in the beauty of the morning, he had something far more important, (it seemed far more important to him, because Herbert, was always looking for things for Herbert, and this something was all Herbert's). It was a piece of gold.

Herbert was thinking of a way in which he could make this one piece of gold into more money. He hopped along in his greedy way with his little white tail bobbing up and down behind him. At last he saw his chance to get more wealth, for around the bend ahead hopped Jimmy-John the Kangaroo. Swinging in Jimmy-John's tail was a big something that glittered in the sun.

"Hello, Jimmy-John," said Herbert. "Watcha got in yore tail?"

"Oh that," said Jimmy-John, noting the piece of gold held tightly in Herbert's paw. "It's not much, I only paid five pieces of gold for it."

"Five pieces of gold!" gulped Herbert. "It must be awfully valuable."

A crafty look came across Jimmy-John's face, for he was still looking at the large piece of gold that Herbert was holding.

"Oh yes, it is very valuable," replied the other. "I was just going to the store to buy chocolates, candy, ice cream and, and . . ."

"Jimmy-John," interrupted Herbert, "it's very pretty, I'll give you this piece of gold for that glittering something. The gold is worth lots more."

"Well," said Jimmy-John slowly, trying to look convincing, "all right."

Then he grabbed the gold, handed the glittering object to Herbert, and hopped away chuckling to himself, while Herbert, thinking he had fooled Jimmy-John, hopped away to the candy store.

On his way, he noticed that the glittering something stopped glittering when it was not in the sun, but he decided this was nothing to worry about. He arrived at the candy store, put the object on the table and began to rattle off a list of things he wanted—in fact, a rather long list. When he had finished, the shop-keeper, who had been staring at Herbert and at Herbert's so-called money, burst out laughing.

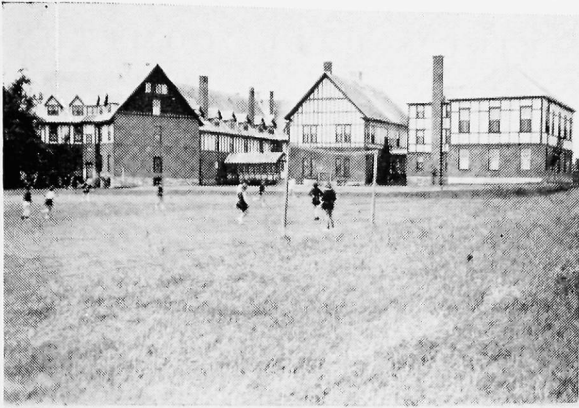
"Why you silly little rabbit," he laughed, "you can't buy anything with that. It's just a piece of tin."

He again broke out into peals of laughter.

Later, an unhappy little bunny, who had learned his lesson, hopped slowly home. Herbert would never again try to be selfish. He had found out the hard way, that "All is not gold that glitters."

BARBARA NEWELL, V A





## THE WRONG GIRL FOR DAVID

The house was blazing with light as Edward and David Naughton glided up the driveway in Edward's new roadster. Edward was David's patronizing older brother of twenty-one, but David had just reached the glorious age of seventeen years. In his better moods Edward would affectionately clap David on his back and ask, "How's your girl, Dave?" He knew perfectly well the answer would be, "Shut up," or "Mind your own business!"

Tonight, however, David was feeling wonderful—his disguise for the party in honour of Mrs. Howard's niece was that of a cavalier. This niece mentioned was supposed to be very beautiful, and according to Edward was supposed to have noticed David upon several occasions.

The car jolted to a stop and Edward said loudly, "Wake up, can't you? We're an hour late, you know." Why, there's John. He isn't in costume though."

"John! He wouldn't be here tonight. After all he isn't even sixteen. You must be seeing things—hurry up Edward."

They climbed the grey stone steps and entered a long attractive hall with thick curtains and several rather impressive pillars. A heavy haze hung over the costumed dancers and the murmuring groups. David gathered all the sophisticated airs he could, and casually spoke to Mrs. Howard.

"It's a lovely party," said he; "so sorry we're late, but you know how it is."

At that moment a crowd of chattering girls appeared. Scraps of their conversation floated to David, who was leaning against the wall surveying the scene.

"Wonderful masquerade . . ."

"Do you know, I wasn't sure if we could make it. You see, John thought that . . ."

"Oh, look, who is she?"

These last words aimed at David caused him to turn around and adjust his black mask. It was then that he saw her.

"It's her niece," he murmured to himself. "She's lovely—oh gosh! Hey Edward," he cried, "talking about girls, look at her."

The girl heard this and turned, winking her made-up eyes and swishing pastel-coloured silks behind her. Suddenly David found himself gazing down into her soft eyes.

"Would you care to dance?" he pleaded, hoping it was the right thing for a Naughton to say. Soon they were whirling around the room.

"You must be Mrs. Howard's niece," he sighed.

The answer was evasive because all the girl said was, "My name for tonight is Jasmine."

David answered this speech with, "I'm David Naughton; just Dave to my friends, though."

On hearing this Jasmine gave a low chuckle which she quickly suppressed.

The hours flew by for Jasmine and David. Too soon, however, one o'clock came. One o'clock was the time to unmask.

"Take off your mask here, Jasmine," said David hurriedly, "I want to see what you really look like."

Jasmine took off her mask, but as well as her mask, off came make-up and a black wig.

"Oh, you little devil," roared David confronted by John, the mere fifteen-year-old who lived down the street.

With this he hurried away feeling like a fool. Behind him John's convulsive laughter rang out growing fainter as the distance between the two widened.

A few minutes later, in Edward's car, David turned the key. Above the purring of the motor he heard, "Oh, return, dear Davy, you must return!" To think this would happen to a Naughton. Oh, no! No!

JUDY OGILVIE, VI B

## AN ANGEL STORY

One morning when the sun was sending golden rays over that happy land called Paradise, there came the soft music of angels' harps. On a fleecy pink-rimmed cloud sat an old angel with a gold baton in his hand, looking down upon a tearful little cherub.

"O-Oh! What shall I do?" he wailed. "I found this m-morning t-that one of m-my harp s-strings was b-broken."

Here he burst into a fresh flood of tears.

"Come, come, little angel. Tell me which string it is and why you are crying so hard," said the kindly leader of the Heavenly Harpists' Choir.

"O-Oh! It is a C string a-and I-I went to the r-repair cloud, but they don't have any C-C strings left." He gave a big sniff as a tear rolled down his fat cheek. "If I don't have a string b-by to-morrow I w-won't be able t-to play in the c-christening of the l-little Lord J-Jesus." Sniff!

"If you will wait for me, I will see what I can do. On second thought you had better run along to my cloud and wait there."

"O-Oh, thank-you, sir. Yes, I will be waiting."

With that, he spread his little snowy-white wings and flew to Mr. Leader's cloud, number ten. Mrs. Leader was there, playing her harp, and when she heard the sad plight of the little angel, she asked him to do a favour for her.

"Oh yes, I will do your errand and hurry back so's to be here when Mr. Leader comes."

Away into the blue he went and before long he had completed his errand and on returning to cloud ten, he suddenly felt very tired and thought to himself, "Oh it wouldn't hurt just to rest a little."

When he laid his head on the fleecy little cloud he fell fast asleep. Suddenly he awoke and found to his surprise that Old Sun had gone to bed and that Mrs. Moon was making her nightly appearance. He jumped up quickly and was just about to fly off the cloud when his big toe caught on something. "Twang," it went. The little angel dug deep into the fleecy cloud until he came upon a wire-like object. He closed his little blue eyes tightly and pulled hard. All at once it gave way and flicked him lightly on the nose as if to say "Thank-you." The little angel could hardly believe it. He held the string in his hand and wondered if it was a C string after all. Instead of thinking about it, he flew happily back to the repair cloud, which is open twenty-four hours a day, retrieved his harp from the top shelf, (he had to use a step-ladder to do so), and gave it to the owner of the shop who repaired it immediately. The little angel then flew swiftly back to his own cloud in time for supper.

When he went to bed that night, his harp tucked underneath his arm, he dreamt that at that Holy Christening he played the best of all the angels, and, as all dreams dreamed in Paradise come true, that is exactly what he did.

JUDITH ST. GEORGE, V A

### UNDER A WILLOW

Willows in the wind—  
Graceful, lithe, and swaying with the wind.  
Slender, trembling leaves  
Stirred by every smallest hint of breath.  
Gentle, quiet song,  
Winding through the branches and the green.  
Gleams of light above,  
Glimpses of profound blue sky, and then  
The wind will die,  
Songs will fade, the willow's grace will end.

NEVILLE ROBINSON, Matric

### LIKE OWNER, LIKE SHOE

"Oh bother it all," thought Leather Shoes as he stood in Keith's cupboard. "Keith is sure to put me on today because I heard him saying he was going out. Why is it that I never enjoy my walks anymore? It must be that I never meet a single interesting shoe. Why, I can still remember the day when I was almost forced to speak to a battered, dirty old pair of sandals! One must be polite, you know, but fortunately we moved away in time, but dirty or not dirty, I find most shoes very dull to talk to."

Leather Shoes was right. He was soon walking down Ninth Avenue, and because Keith was in a gay mood, Leather Shoes was forced to bounce. He grumbled about this all the way up a flight of stairs, but when the door at the top of them opened, he gave a little squeak of astonishment. Standing in front of him was the prettiest pair of black suede pumps with the longest eyelashes Leather Shoes had ever seen.

"Hummm," he thought, "life may not be so dull after all," with a glance at the pretty miss before him.

However, Black Suede was very shy, and consequently did not speak a word, just walked quietly along beside him.

"This will not do," mused Leather Shoes. He cleared his tongue, having no throat, and began, "Lovely day, isn't it? Just the right kind for a walk."

"Yes, it is lovely," she replied, and in a timid voice asked, "What is your name?"

"Leather Shoes," he said, "and yours must be Black Suede."

"Why, how did you know?" she inquired.

"It is only fitting that so lovely a pair of pumps should have so lovely a name," he said gallantly, with a flourish of his laces.

This was the beginning of a beautiful romance for both Leather Shoes and Keith, who was courting Black Suede's wearer. In a year or so Black Suede came to live with Leather Shoes, and if Keith and his wife were proud of their new-born baby, they couldn't have been any prouder than Black Suede and Leather Shoes were of their little pink bootie.

SHEILA DOUGLAS LANE, VI B



## UN REVE

J'étais à Paris, mais la ville, par une singulière coïncidence, ressemblait à Montréal. Tout le monde était français, cependant tout le monde parlait anglais. La basilique de Montréal se trouvait là où aurait dû se dresser Notre-Dame.

Un soir, j'allai voir jouer "Gaité Parisienne," mais en arrivant au théâtre, je fus toute surprise de me trouver devant "His Majesty's"! J'entrai néanmoins et m'aperçus que j'étais assise à côté du général de Gaulle. Il me reconnut, me salua aimablement disant: "Bonjour, Mademoiselle. Comment allez-vous?" Je lui répondis avec un gracieux sourire et nous engageâmes en conversation. Je sus qu'il était descendu à l'Hôtel Windsor et qu'il était venu pour affaires. Je lui indiquai que j'étais de mon côté à l'Hôtel Mont-Royal.

Soudain, j'aperçus Monsieur Schuman. Je m'excusai auprès du général et allai saluer l'arrivant que je n'avais pas vu depuis longtemps.

"Bonjour Cynthia," me dit-il. "Que je suis heureux de vous rencontrer. Que devenez-vous? Etes-vous ici pour quelque temps?"

Sur ma réponse négative "Eh bien," me dit-il. "Profitez-en; faites-moi le plaisir de venir déjeuner avec moi demain, samedi, chez Eaton."

"Enchantée," lui répondis-je. "J'accepte volontiers."

La pièce allant commencer, je pris congé de lui et regagnai ma place.

Le spectacle terminé, je me pressai de sortir. Je rencontrai alors Miss Gillard, qui me dit: "Dépêchez-vous, le train part dans cinq minutes." Je me mis à courir vers la gare, mais plus je courais, plus la gare semblait loin. J'arrivai enfin fort essouffée, je sautai dans le train et me trouvai dans un compartiment où étaient assises de nombreuses jeunes filles qui riaient et bavardaient. L'employé criait "en voiture" et fermait les portes—puis le haut parleur se mit à annoncer:

"St. Lambert, St. Hyacinthe, Actonvale, Richmond, Bromptonville, Sherbrooke, Lennoxville, Compton, all aboard—en voiture."

"Cynthia, Cynthia, réveille-toi. Tu as dû avoir un cauchemar. Réveille-toi!"

C'était ma soeur qui me secouait pour me faire lever—Hélas! C'était le matin du jour où nous devions retourner à Compton.

CYNTHIA MOLSON, Matric

## A DAY'S WORK

(From the Memoirs of a Census Taker)

"Good day, madam. Now your name is . . . ?"

"I'll have you know, I don't go around telling my name to strange young men. I'm a respectable woman, I am, and I don't have time to stand gossiping with you or listening to sales talk."

"Oh, don't mistake me, madam. We all have our own jobs. Yours, I believe, is that of a housekeeper? Well, I am the census taker for this locality. Now if you would just answer a few questions, then I could let you get back to your work and I'll be on my way. First, where is your husband employed at the moment?"

"My husband? Listen here, young man, I don't happen to have a husband. Sense taker, eh? I should be the one taking your senses; I'm perfectly normal. I get a check-up every six months and although the doctor says I won't live much longer with the heart I have, I'll have you know he never said that there was anything wrong with my head! These doctors now-a-days with all them new-fashioned instruments think they know everything. Why, I bet I'll live longer than my poor old mother. She died on her hundred and first birthday. Bad heart nothing! Why only . . . . ."

"Excuse me, madam. I'm afraid you don't quite understand. Now here is a little booklet which tells you all about why the government sends out men like me. If you will just answer these few questions, then after you read this booklet you will understand the whole business. You told me that you weren't married. Do you live all by yourself in this large house?"

"Yes, I do. Mightn't look any too clean on the outside, but it's spic and span inside. I wash my floors every day and you won't find a spec of dust on the furniture. More than you can say for these young housewives these days. I was into that new bride's house, across the street, the other day, and you should have seen the . . . . ."

"Yes, yes, madam. Please. You don't keep any boarders? No? Well, I see you keep a few animals. How many chickens do you have at present?"

"I have twenty-five hens and twelve chicks; just born two days ago. Cutest little things you ever seen. My hens too. Never miss a day of laying. You can ask anyone around; my eggs are much better than those you buy for ninety cents in Mr. Tim's store. Much better for you, too. Imagine eating them eggs that have been shipped from Toronto in crates! And the price! Land's sake, if



I get fifty cents a dozen I think I'm doing good. Just the other day Maude said to me, 'Martha I . . . . .'

"Well Martha, I guess that's all the information I need. Let's see; you're single, live alone, name Martha . . . Oh, I guess I didn't catch your family name, Martha?"

"Listen here you impertinent young whippersnap. *I do not go* around giving personal information to strange young men, I told you . . ."

"Yes madam, thank you, madam. Here is this little booklet for you to read. Good-day, Martha!"

PAULINE REED, VI A

—o—

### A DIFFERENT CHRISTMAS

Nothing stirred in the drawing-room, dining-room, or staircase. A softly coloured glow from the Christmas tree lights reached into the farthest corners of the hallway, and illumined a small golden angel, and a cluster of Christmas cards on a low table. Apart from this glow, all was enveloped in darkness; a faint smell of pine needles and warm Christmas pudding lingered in the air. The whole house was in silence except for the occasional creaking of the walls, and the steady hum of the furnace below. The warm, big snow-drifts hugged the windows from outside, as if they were begging to escape from the darkness.

The stairs were muffled in shadows, and the banisters cast a weird pattern on the papered walls. On the landing, a small toy engine and a rubber ball lay neglected. Above, the curtains swayed ever so slightly in the breeze from the open window. The world outside was fast asleep. On the second floor, a light shone in one of the rooms and the door was just slightly ajar. The golden ray of brightness pierced the shadows in a straight, narrow beam, and lighted up a small Madonna on the wall. Suddenly, the wind outside gave a low moan, and downstairs a door banged shut. A bell on the Christmas tree below tinkled timidly, and then the oppressive silence was restored.

Outside, a pink glow was appearing in the east, and the North Star was fading. The wind had risen now, and was blowing about the house persistently, though gently, as if in awe of something within. A dog barked sharply in the night, and the blackness above the horizon became paler each minute.

Inside now, the beam of light from the slightly opened door was fainter. The hallway was in shadow.

Huddled by the doorway in the pale gray darkness sat a little boy, his tousled head on his knees and his arms wrapped around them. By his feet lay a small box wrapped clumsily in bright paper and ribbon, tied in a crushed little knot. The door opened. The little boy looked up quickly, smiling, hopeful, and a woman stood above him. She looked tired, worn, and sad, and tears came to her eyes as she spoke.

"Your father has gone away for Christmas this year, darling," she said.

The little boy's head sank to his knees again, and his back heaved softly and quietly. The bright little parcel lay at his feet. The woman looked away slowly. A church bell rang out loudly and gaily in the distance, and as the sun rose suddenly over the white world, a shout was heard outside, "Merry Christmas!" it said.

HEATHER ALLEN, Matric

—o—

### MON HEURE FAVORITE

La partie de la journée que je préfère c'est le soir, car c'est l'heure où tout est calme et paisible, où tout semble se délasser et se reposer.

A ce moment-là, les fleurs, tout en exhalant un parfum suave, replient leurs corolles; le soleil disparaît à l'horizon, et la rosée parsème le gazon et les toiles d'araignées de milliers de diamants. Tout devient silencieux à la tombée du jour, même les animaux se taisent, eux aussi. On n'entend plus le gazouillement des oiseaux, ni les aboiements des chiens, ni les cris de la basse-cour. Une paix profonde descend sur le monde.

Je trouve le matin agréable, ce qui me charme surtout, ce sont les jolis chants des oiseaux à la pointe du jour. L'après-midi me plaît aussi, à cause de l'animation qui regne partout à cette heure de la journée. Mais, ce qui m'enchant le plus, c'est le soir, ce doux père de la nuit. Si l'on va se promener au crépuscule, on sent qu'il faut se taire pour ne point troubler le silence profond des champs et des bois.

En hiver, le soir a encore plus de charme que durant les autres saisons. A mon avis, rien n'est plus agréable que de pouvoir se reposer et bavarder au coin d'un bon feu, après avoir skié tout le jour sur les belles pentes neigeuses des Laurentides.

Ah! oui, il n'y a pas de doute, c'est bien le soir qui est la partie la plus agréable de la journée.

NEVILLE ROBINSON, Matric

### NEARLY A TRAGEDY

During the Second World War on an island off the coast of England there lived a group of elderly men and women who wanted to help in the war in some way. The country decided to hold them responsible for the lighthouse at the end of the island. Someone stayed constantly at this lighthouse and whenever ships entered the fog, the never-failing foghorn would blow.

It was late November and the small island was preparing for winter. The days were long and dreary, but each night the foghorn welcomed a group of English officers home. Suddenly, one day, while a man called Mr. Harding was on duty in the lighthouse, there came an alarm. An English ship had been attacked by the Germans and rescue crews were needed immediately. There was nobody on the island who was really fit to go, but all were willing. Accordingly they set out in small boats to rescue the gallant sailors. When they came to the spot where the men were stranded, they realized that they had to make many trips back and forth.

They were homeward bound when suddenly someone exclaimed, "Men, there is nobody in the lighthouse!"

A cold shiver and dead silence came upon them. They knew it would probably be fatal to try to reach the rocky shore without the light, but courageously they set forth. As they were nearing the shore the fog seemed to lift. The rocks were in clearer view and their jagged edges were pointing out in the rough and unsettled sea. Suddenly a great light shone forth from the lighthouse. Had this been a miracle?

One old man, who was near death, had realized the situation and had staggered to the lighthouse in order to save his country. Because of him the sailors arrived safely home and expressed their great gratitude to a man who had done for his country as much as any man involved in the war, but in an entirely different way.

SHIRLEY EAKIN, V A

—o—

### A WINGED MESSENGER

It was a cool, dewy evening. In the garden a meeting was being held. The lilies, roses, violets, pansies, daisies, and even the common buttercups and dandelions were present. They were discussing the wedding of Sally Bluebell to Jack Pansy. The

tall, stately lilies were nodding their heads over the rose leaf tea, which was served in tulip-leaf cups. The little daisy waitresses in their yellow and white uniforms, were bustling here and there with poppy petals spread with honey which the bees had brought. Mrs. Pansy, the mother of the groom, was dressed in purple and yellow petals, and her face wore a frown. But she was not angry! Oh, no! That was her customary face. All the pansies in flower-land have faces like that.

Suddenly, into this peaceful gathering came what appeared to the frightened flowers a thunderbolt! Zooming through the air, it finally came to rest on one of Miss Primrose's leaves, but proved to be nothing but an ordinary dragonfly!

"Goodness, Silver, you did give me a fright!" exclaimed Madam Violet. "What do you think you're doing, shooting around like that this time of night? Your time is when the sun is shining. You should be home in bed! Now, scoot!!"

"I've been up to the 'house!'" panted the dragonfly. "There's going to be a party, and they are coming to pick some of you!"

"Oh! I don't believe you," scoffed the haughty Miss Bluebell. "Why, they wouldn't dare pick us! I'm going to have a wedding soon. And I won't invite liars!"

With this, she turned her back upon Silver and began to chat with one of her neighbours.

"But, please, won't someone believe me?" begged the dragonfly.

"Yes," answered a soft voice.

"Why, who are you?" stammered Silver.

"I am 'Safety'," replied the voice. "You cannot see me. Only the good and kind flowers can see me, but I will help you. This is what you must do. I know, as you do, that the news you bring is true, but only a few flowers believe you. Go, now, to that nearby fence and watch. We will teach these flowers a lesson they won't easily forget!"

Silver obeyed. Presently, through the mist, one could see figures moving with garden shears in their hands. Up to the garden they came. Carefully they began to cut the flowers. Silver noticed that it was only the cruel Sally and her friends that they cut. All the rest of the flowers were untouched.

That is why, even today, you can see dragonflies hovering about flowers. They are there to warn them of danger, and the flowers always believe them!

SUSAN KILGOUR, V B

## SIX YEARS OLD

The little boy in the green sweater stood at the window, his nose pressed against the frosty pane, his tears melting the cold, static etchings on the glass. He pulled up the window and stuck out his red head; against the lazy white snowflakes he looked like a piece of holly—a rather sad piece of holly.

He pulled his head back into the room and turned around, with a determined fist, wiping the tears that splashed over his round cheeks. It was silly for a grown boy to cry, especially one who had just told his mother that he would not believe in Santa Claus if he didn't get the shiny red truck in the department store window. His pretty mother answered sadly that Daddy would have to speak to Santa Claus when he returned from the war.

The little boy in the green sweater glanced around the familiar room. It was funny that it appeared so different to-night. The puffy flowered chair seemed to be pouting at him. His bed with the covers turned back seemed to dare him to climb in and see what he found at the bottom. The room was dark and unfriendly. Oh, if only he hadn't put his pet toad in Jenny's bed! He looked at his old ragged teddy bear for comfort, but the bear just stuck out his tongue. The gay nursery-rhyme figures which hung on the two side walls seemed to be laughing at him. He picked up some drawing sheets from his yellow desk in front of the window. The teacher had said they were good. He had thought so too. Now the stick man in the red truck was staring at the boy, and the sun and stars in the background looked sad. He decided as there wouldn't be any red truck this Christmas he needn't say his prayers. Anyway, he was scared that if he didn't hide his head the brightly painted rocking horse might leave the corner beside the desk and bite him.

A shaft of warm light broke the cold darkness as his mother entered the room to hear his prayers. She took her little son into her arms and everything became secure and friendly again. He told her he didn't really care about the red truck and he would rather that Jenny had her doll, because she was two years and seven months younger than he. His mother squeezed him tightly and told him how proud she was of him. The little boy snuggled beneath the warm covers. He would just leave a note for Santa to thank him for all the things he had brought, although he wasn't quite sure how you spelt "Santa," It . . . **did** . . . begin with . . . an . . . S.

HEATHER ROGERS, Matric

## FISH, BIRDS, OR A MONKEY!

"Oh, Daddy! Buy me a monkey, just a little one, please."

"Now Billie, what would we do with a monkey? Anyway he might bite you. How about some goldfish? See, aren't they pretty?"

"No! I hate goldfish and I want something diff'runt."

"Well, I know just the thing; some turtles."

"Ohhhhhh, Daddy! Get me some mice. I want some mice! Here mice, mice! Nice fella!"

"Mice, son, mice; and don't pull their tails; they don't like it."

"Nice mice! Don't squeal. I didn't mean to hurt you."

"Sir, would you please tell the little boy to stop annoying the animals. Thank you."

"Now, did you hear what the man said, Billie? Be a good boy and don't touch anything. See those two little birds up there in the cage? They're called love-birds. Aren't they cute?"

"Why are they called love-birds, Daddy. Huh! Why?"

"Well, uh! I-I really, uh, don't ———. Billie, no, Billie! Don't pick the fish up, you'll kill them. William, put them down."

"Yes, Daddy."

*Forty-five minutes, two dead goldfish and fifty cents later.*

"Now, William, we can't spend all morning here. Decide what you want and let's get home."

"But Daddy, I told you what I wanted—the two white ducks."

"Billie dear, anything but ducks. They don't like living in the city, you know that. Now, no crying; you're a big boy. William, stop that sniffing."

"B-but you told me to decide." Sniffle! Sniffle.

"Oh, all right! Clerk, these two white ducks, please."

"That will be five dollars and fifty cents, please."  
*Two Hours Later.*

"Mummy, we had the most nicest time. Aren't the ducks cute? You know, I really didn't want them, but Daddy was getting a little mad so we bought them anyway and ———."

"What do you mean, young man, that you didn't want them. Why I paid ———."

"Uh! Billie dear, I think it's time for your rest now."

"Yes, Mummy! Don't forget to feed the ducks, Daddy. Next time you take me to the pet shop will you get me the monkey? Will you, Daddy?"

DOROTHY JOHNSTONE, VI A

# K. H. C. O. G. A.

## Marriages

Beatrice Mary Angus to Mr. Peter de Hertel Eastcott.

Amy Pauline Fowler to Mr. John Wilfrid Williams on July 14th, 1951

Mary Virginia Skelton to Mr. Peter Cory Landry on June 30th, 1951.

Helen Louise Hooper to Major Harry William Donaldson Kilgour.

Shirley Christina Fletcher to Dr. Herbert Gordon Metcalfe.

Ann Allward Kersh to Mr. Guiliano Spighi on April 4th, 1952.

Mary Louise Franklin to Mr. Ross William Galbraith on June 3rd, 1951.

Gillian Hessey-White to Mr. Gunnar Carl Rugheimer on Oct. 3rd, 1951

Shirley Ann Wight to Mr. Johnston Donald Porter on Sept. 7th, 1951.

Rosamund Agnes Duffield to Mr. Josiah Gilbert Norris, Sept. 1951.

Isabel Jill Price to Mr. Peter Edward Robinson on Aug. 5th, 1951.

Sybil Sewell Dobell to Mr. David Molson Blaiklock, on Aug. 25th, 1951.

Miriam Phipps Baker to Mr. Ronald Edward Blair, Sept. 1st, 1951.

Jean Scott Rutherford to Mr. John William Stauble. Ruth Arnel Neeld to Mr. Kenneth Clark Eaton, Sept. 15th, 1951.

June Walker to Mr. George M. Hobart on Aug. 16th, 1951.

Martha McCabe to Mr. A. G. MacDonald.

Frances Waterous to Mr. E. D. Vance.

## Births

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Cochand (Morna MacLean) a son on May 2nd, 1951.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert F. Weidgenant (Joyce Carr) a daughter on June 23rd, 1951.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas C. Darling (Audrey Shorey) a son on Oct. 10th, 1951.

Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Fish, Jr. (Julia MacKenzie) a son on Sept. 5th 1951.

Lt. and Mrs. John Ayers Heald (Jane Ewens) a son on Sept. 7th, 1951.

Lt. Com. and Mrs. Dunn Lanthier (Josephine Dickson Hadley) a daughter on Sept. 26th, 1951.

Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Evans (Caroline Cate) a daughter on Nov. 13th, 1951.

Mr. and Mrs. James B. Samson (Marie Tulk) a son on Nov. 11th, 1951.

Mr. and Mrs. Michael W. Townsend (Jean Ross) a son on Jan. 26th, 1952.

Mr. and Mrs. Brock L. Batten, Jr. (Lois Lusk) a daughter on Jan. 27th, 1952.

Mr. and Mrs. R. David Robins (Joan Spafford) a son on Jan. 5th, 1952.

Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Galt (Jocelyn Pangman) a son on Feb. 14th, 1952.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold L. Hurdle (Margaret Brewer) a daughter on Feb. 13th, 1952.

Mr. and Mrs. John Royds (Ellendelle Rea) a son on March 15th, 1952.

Mr. and Mrs. James E. Iversen (Mary Molson) a son on March 10th, 1952

Mr. and Mrs. Norman F. Macfarlane (Elaine Ann Casgrain) a daughter on March 10th, 1952.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Leopold Cusack (Anna Day Troup) a daughter on March 27th, 1952.

Mr. and Mrs. Ross W. Galbraith (Mary Lou Franklin) a son on April 19th, 1952.

Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Bovaird, (Sheila Birks) a son on April 26th, 1952.

Mr. and Mrs. James A. Patterson (Rosalie Anne Ballantyne) a daughter on April 28th, 1952.

## Engagements

Evelyn Mary Vardon Ellwood to Mr. Harold Cauldwell Corrigan.

Janice Ursula (Jane) MacKenzie to Mr. Cecil Alexander Murray.

Ann Cornelius to Mr. John Douglas Woodward.

Frances Audrey Robinson to Mr. Neil McRowan Shaw.

Lucinda Vaughan to Mr. Terence Carson Flood.



# Financial Statement

K.H.C.O.G.A.

## Statement of Receipts and Disbursements for the year ended February 29, 1952

Cash in Bank, February 28th, 1951 . . . . \$ 718.67

### RECEIPTS

Annual Membership Fees . . . .	\$419.00	
Receipts for Teas and Luncheons . . . . .	99.90	
Bank Interest . . . . .	6.81	
Bond Interest . . . . .	96.00	621.71
		<hr/>
		\$1,340.38
		<hr/> <hr/>

### DISBURSEMENTS

Stationery and Stamps and Printing . . . .	\$ 62.95	
Travelling Expenses . . . . .	20.00	
Teas and Luncheons . . . . .	128.40	
Payments on Account—Loan from K.H.C. Inc. . . . .	96.21	
		<hr/>
		307.56
Cash in Bank February 29th, 1952 . . . . .	1,032.82	
		<hr/>
		\$1,340.38
		<hr/> <hr/>

### LOAN PAYABLE—KING'S HALL INC.

Balance, February 28th, 1951 . . . .	\$275.73
Less: Payments made on Account . . . . .	96.21
	<hr/>
Balance, February 29th, 1952 . . . . .	\$179.52
	<hr/> <hr/>

CAMPBELL, GLENDENING and DEVER,  
*Chartered Accountants,  
Auditors.*

## Exchanges

- LEEDS GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL MAGAZINE: Leeds, England.
- ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE REVIEW: St. Andrew's, Aurora, Ont.
- EDGEHILL REVIEW: Edgehill School, Windsor, N.S.
- LUDEMAS: Havergal College, Toronto, Ont.
- BISHOP STRACHAN SCHOOL MAGAZINE: Bishop Strachan School, Toronto, Ont.
- LACHUTE HIGH SCHOOL ANNUAL: Lachute, P.Q.
- THE BEAVER LOG: Miss Edgar's and Miss Cramp's School, Montreal, P.Q.
- THE TALLOW DIP: Netherwood, Rothesay, N.B.
- THE CROFTONIAN: Crofton House, Vancouver, B.C.
- THE BRANKSOME SLOGAN: Branksome Hall, Toronto, Ont.
- THE BLUE AND WHITE: Rothesay School, Rothesay, N.B.
- THE PIBROCH: Strathallan School, Hamilton, Ont.
- THE MITRE: University of Bishop's College, Lennoxville, P.Q.
- THE BISHOP'S COLLEGE SCHOOL MAGAZINE: Lennoxville, P.Q.
- TECHNICAL COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE: Saskatoon, Sask.
- THE HELICONIAN: Moulton College, Toronto, Ont.
- SAMARA: Elmwood School, Ottawa, Ont.
- INTRA MUROS: St. Clement's School, Toronto, Ont.
- THE RECORD: Trinity College School, Port Hope, Ont.
- THE ASHBURIAN: Ashbury College School, Ottawa, Ont.
- THE GROVE CHRONICLE: Lakefield, Ont.
- THE ALMAPHILIAN: Alma College, St. Thomas, Ont.
- THE BALMORAL HALL MAGAZINE: Balmoral Hall, Winnipeg, Man.
- THE CHRONICLE: The Study, Montreal, P.Q.
- THE ALIBI: Albert College, Belleville, Ont.

## Staff Directory

- Gillard, Miss A. E., King's Hall, Compton, P.Q.
- Brand, Miss P., 499 Marmier Ave., Montreal South, P.Q.
- Broadbent, Miss M., Dundas, Ont.
- Cailteux, Mlle. O., King's Hall, Compton, P.Q.
- Elliott, Mrs. G., Sawyerville, P.Q.
- Genest, Mlle. Y., 2347 Grand Blvd., Montreal, P.Q.
- Hughes, Miss H., 614 Brunswick St., Fredericton, N.B.
- Irwin, Miss A., 264 Argyle Ave., Verdun, P.Q.
- Keyzer, Miss G., 292 Humphrey St., Swampscott, Mass., U.S.A.
- Lambert, Mlle. S., 2060 rue de la Capricieuse, Quebec, P.Q.
- Lamprecht, Mrs. G., 4455 Montrose Ave., Westmount, P.Q.
- Lindsey, Miss J., 71 Thomas Rd., Swampscott, Mass., U.S.A.
- Macdonald, Miss A., Port Hastings, N.S.
- Macdonald, Miss S., R.R. 2, Annapolis Royal, N.S.
- MacLennan, Miss F. A., 3 Dalhousie St., Halifax, N.S.
- Morris, Miss E., Cupids, Conception Bay, Nfld.
- Morris, Miss M., Box 332, 5 Gibson Ave., Grimsby, Ont.
- Parfit, Miss R. C., Folly Close, Manor Rd., Wantage, Berks, England.
- Ramsay, Miss J. S., 329 George St., Fredericton, N.B.
- Robertson, Miss M., Como, P.Q.
- Rochon, Miss T., Box 580, Sturgeon Falls, Ont.
- Wallace, Miss D. E., Box 41, Warden, P.Q.
- Wiggett, Mrs. E., Dixville, P.Q.

# School Directory

- Allan, Deirdre, 190 Senneville Rd., Senneville, P.Q.  
 Allan, Heather, 190 Senneville Rd., Senneville, P.Q.  
 Abbot, Terrill, "Bay Winds," Devonshire, Bermuda.  
 Alston, Mary, 169 Bromley Ave., Moncton, N.B.  
 Anderson, Heather, 430 Mt. Stephen Ave., Montreal, P.Q.  
 Bailey, C., 4870 Cote des Neiges Rd., Apt. 705, Montreal, P.Q.  
 Ballachey, Ray, Duemont Mining Corp., Noranda, P.Q.  
 Beattie, Nancy, Chambly Canton, P.Q.  
 Bogert, Fiona, "Spring Hill," Magog, P.Q.  
 Bogert, Mary, 3091 Cedar Ave., Montreal P.Q.  
 Bogert, Saundray, "Spring Hill," Magog, P.Q.  
 Caridi, R., Apartado Aereo 110, Baranquilla, Colombia, S.A.  
 Carter, Felicia, 19 Wilton Rd., Pointe Claire, P.Q.  
 Chadwick, Carol 47 Fearing Rd., Hingham, Mass., U.S.A.  
 Chaplin, Jean, Abbottsford, P.Q.  
 Chaplin, Meredith, Abbottsford, P.Q.  
 Chester, Susanne, 585 River Ave., Winnipeg, Man.  
 Chonchol, Raquel, Apartado 1828, Caracas, Venezuela, S.A.  
 Chonchol, Diana, Apartado 1828, Caracas, Venezuela, S.A.  
 Creery, Patricia, 5 Lansdowne Ridge, Westmount, P.Q.  
 Cuthbertson, S., 597 Berwick Ave., Town of MountRoyal, P.Q.  
 Daniels, Diana, 12 Redpath Pl. Montreal, P.Q.  
 Davidson, Claire, 52 St. Sulpice Rd., Westmount, P.Q.  
 Dobson, Penelope, 1 Clarendon Cres., Toronto, Ont.  
 Donald, Gillian, 17 Howard Ave., Sherbrooke, P.Q.  
 Doucet, Lucy, Leclercville, Lotbiniere County, P.Q.  
 Douglas Lane, Sheila, 31 Cedar Ave., Pointe Claire, P.Q.  
 Downs, Shirley Anne, 9 Clough Ave., Lennoxville, P.Q.  
 Drummond, Barbara, 47 Rosemount Ave., Westmount, P.Q.  
 Drummond, Georgette, 39 Holton Ave., Westmount, P.Q.  
 Eakin, Shirley, 736 Lexington Ave., Westmount, P.Q.  
 Eaton, Carol, 480 Mt. Pleasant Ave., Westmount, P.Q.  
 Elvidge, Patricia, 231 Cobourg St., Ottawa, Ont.  
 English, Ann, 5 Otis Pl., Boston, Mass., U.S.A.  
 FitzGerald, Isabel, Main St., Lachute, P.Q.  
 Garland, Valerie, 3440 Simpson St., Montreal, P.Q.  
 Gibaut, Barbara, 108 Moncton Ave., Quebec, P.Q.  
 Gilbey, May, 76 Main St., Lennoxville, P.Q.  
 Gilmour, Mary, 49 St. James Pl., Hamilton, Ont.  
 Gilmour, Nancy, 49 St. James Pl., Hamilton, Ont.  
 Gill, Valerie, 17 Bergen Ave., Hillsdale, N.J., U.S.A.  
 Gordon, Anne, 9 Old Forest Hill Rd., Toronto, Ont.  
 Gordon, Jane, 9 Old Forest Hill Rd., Toronto, Ont.  
 Gordon, Jocelyn, Saraguay P.O. (via Montreal), P.Q.  
 Gordon, Linda, 4725 Kingston Rd., Montreal, P.Q.  
 Grant, Caroline, 407 Minto Pl., Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa, Ont.  
 Gray, Sheila, 465 Bellevue Ave., Magog, P.Q.  
 Harris, Myrne, 9 Maple Ave., Beaupré, P.Q.  
 Harverson, Phillipa, c/o Mrs. C. Robinson, "Grindelalp,"  
 Massawippi, P.Q.  
 Haywood, Nancy, 4835 Wilson Ave., N.D.G., Montreal, P.Q.  
 Hebden, Georgie, Box 372, Kingston, Jamaica, B.W.I.  
 Henderson, Ann, Seignior Club, P.Q.  
 Henderson, Janet, Seignior Club, P.Q.  
 Hopper, Nona, Duparquet, P.Q.  
 Howard, A., 475 Stanstead Cres., Town of Mount Royal, P.Q.  
 Hunt, Peta, Box 148, St. Therese, P.Q.  
 Hyman, Barbara, Gaspé Harbour, P.Q.  
 Iddon, Ann, 110 Park Ave., New York 28, N.Y., U.S.A.  
 Jamieson, Marjorie, 12 Thurlow Rd., Hampstead, P.Q.  
 Johnstone, Dorothy, 580 Roslyn Ave., Westmount, P.Q.  
 Kilgour, Susan, Beauharnois, P.Q.  
 King, Maryan, 831 Richmond St., London, Ont.  
 Lake, Janet, 487 Hamilton Ave., St. John's, Nfld.  
 Leduc, Helen, 11 First St., Iberville, P.Q.  
 Lucas, Anne, 962 Dunsmuir Rd., Town of MountRoyal, P.Q.  
 MacCulloch, Ray, "Oakwood," Bedford, N.S.  
 MacKenzie, A., 459 Buena Vista Rd., Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa,  
 Ont.  
 MacKenzie, Heather, 1735 Nashville Ave., New Orleans, LA.,  
 U.S.A.  
 MacPherson, S., 5 Park Pl., Renee's Mill Rd., St. John's, Nfld.  
 Matthewman, Mary Frances, Aylmer Rd., Hull, P.Q.  
 May, Jennifer, 1208 St. Mark St., Montreal, P.Q.  
 McGillis, Betty, 746 Upper Lansdowne Ave., Westmount, P.Q.  
 McMaster, Marjorie, 3141 Daulac Rd., Montreal, P.Q.  
 McNab, Jane, 20 Third Ave., Grand'Mere, P.Q.  
 McNab, Mary Ann, 20 Third Ave., Grand'Mere, P.Q.  
 McNally, Ann, 1407 Oak Ave., Sillery, P.Q.  
 Menasche, E., Av. Caracas No. 35-38, Bogota, Colombia, S.A.  
 Millen, N., 4409 Bruton Rd., Cartierville, Montreal, P.Q.  
 Millar, Jo-Ann, 948 Moncrieff Rd., Town of Mt. Royal, P.Q.  
 Miller, B., 56 Arjay Cres., R.R. No. 1, York Mills, Ont.  
 Minnes, Susan, 148 Cooper St., Ottawa, Ont.  
 Mitchell, Antonia, Massawippi, P.Q.  
 Mitchell, Jane, Massawippi, P.Q.  
 Molson, Cynthia, 10 Ramezay Rd., Westmount, P.Q.  
 Molson, Katharine, 3466 Rue de la Montagne, Montreal, P.Q.  
 Morris, Lynn, 265 Heath St. E., Toronto, Ont.  
 Nesbitt, Victoria, 3243 Westmount Blvd., Montreal, P.Q.  
 Newell, B. J., 4060 Marlowe Ave., N.D.G., Montreal, P.Q.  
 Northey, Judy, 44 Rosemount Ave., Westmount, P.Q.  
 Ogilvie, Judy, 177 Edgehill Rd., Westmount, P.Q.  
 Ogilvie, Margaret, 177 Edgehill Rd., Westmount, P.Q.  
 Oliphant, B., Apt. 303, 3500 Atwater Ave., Montreal, P.Q.  
 Oulton, Shirley, 101 Percival Ave., Montreal, W., P.Q.  
 Palmer, Nancy, 3 River View, Donnacona, P.Q.  
 Parsons, Joan, King's Bridge Court, St. John's, Nfld.  
 Parsons, P., West Rd., Little Compton, Rhode Island, U.S.A.  
 Pasmore, Penelope, 3184 St. Sulpice Rd., Montreal P.Q.  
 Penhale, Beverley, "Braeside," Thetford, Mines, P.Q.  
 Perrault, Renee, 45 Oakland Ave., Westmount, P.Q.  
 Perron, Judy, 4922 Ponsard Ave., Montreal, P.Q.  
 Racine, Lise, 3353 Ridgewood Ave., Montreal, P.Q.  
 Ramsay, Maryel, 135 MacLaren St., Ottawa, Ont.  
 Rawlings, Ann, North Hatley, P.Q.  
 Reeves, Bambi, 270 Senneville Rd., Senneville, P.Q.  
 Reed, Pauline, Gaspé, P.Q.  
 Reid, Mary, 557 Roslyn Ave., Westmount, P.Q.  
 Robinson, N., 250 Thorold Rd., Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa, Ont.  
 Rogers, Heather, Aylmer Rd., Hull, P.Q.  
 Rogers, Sarah, 1690 Angus Drive, Vancouver 9, B.C.  
 Rooney, Barbara, 34 Alwington Ave., Kingston, Ont.  
 Rooney, Beverley, 34 Alwington Ave., Kingston, Ont.  
 Roper, Constance, 550 Piccadilly Ave., Ottawa, Ont.  
 Rorke, Olivia, 332 Henry St., Cobourg, Ont.  
 Ross, Peggy, 140 Belvedere Rd., Quebec, P.Q.  
 Rutherford, Andrea, 4355 Montrose Ave., Westmount, P.Q.  
 Sawdon, Lynne, 14 Sutton Pl. S., New York, N.Y., U.S.A.  
 Sheard, Joan, 40 Union St., Coaticook, P.Q.  
 Shields, Ann, 92 Keppochille Rd., Springburn, Glasgow, Scot.  
 Shipman, Barbara, 11 Riverview, Donnacona, P.Q.  
 Smith, Diane, 1301 Kenilworth Rd., Town of Mt. Royal P.Q.  
 Smith, Eve, 213 Wilkes St., Alexandria, Virginia, U.S.A.  
 Smith, Janet, 162 Dube St., Thetford Mines, P.Q.  
 Smith, Robin, Apt. 17, Somerset Apts., 2054 Sherbrooke W.,  
 Montreal, P.Q.  
 Smith, Sandra, 4358 Westmount Ave., Westmount, P.Q.  
 Smith, Wendy, Apt. 17, Somerset Apts., 2054 Sherbrooke W.,  
 Montreal, P.Q.  
 Southby, Susan, Box 47, Pembroke, Ont.  
 Stewart, Margaret, 5623 Queen Mary Rd., Hampstead,  
 Montreal, P.Q.  
 Stewart, Sandra, 1519 Pine Ave. W., Montreal, P.Q.  
 St. George, J., c/o P.O. St. Adèle En Haut, Terrebonne, P.Q.  
 Strom, Siri, Stowe, Vermont, U.S.A.  
 Stuart, Stephanie, Old Orchard Farm, Peterborough, Ont.  
 Taylor, Jareth, c/o Mrs. C. C. Tatham, Cambleford, Ont.  
 Taylor, Judy, 454 Mayfair Ave., Ottawa, Ont.  
 Thornton, Anne, 15 Locust Drive, Summit, N.J., U.S.A.  
 Townsend, Jane, 644 Belmont Ave., Westmount, P.Q.  
 Troop, Deborah, 291 Russell Hill Rd., Toronto, Ont.  
 Troubetzkoy, Mary, 4324 Sherbrooke West, Westmount, P.Q.  
 Vickers, Susan, R.R. No. 2, Mallorytown, Ont.  
 Ward, Linda, P.O. Box 362, Summit, N.J., U.S.A.  
 Ward, Susan, P.O. Box 153, Brookfield Centre, Conn., U.S.A.  
 Williams, Diana, 15 W. 67th St., New York, N.Y., U.S.A.  
 Williams, Sheila, 128 Maple Ave., Shawinigan Falls, P.Q.  
 Wilson, W., Caixa Postal 970, Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, S.A.  
 Woods, Heather, 940-40th Ave., Lachine, P.Q.  
 Woods, Jill, 580 Prospect Rd., Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa, Ont.  
 Young, Patricia, 30 Amherst St., Sherbrooke, P.Q.

**PERT!**

**PRETTY!**

**PRACTICAL!**

Let it snow—let it blow  
—you'll be cosy and  
warm in a genuine  
Hudson's Bay Point  
Blanket Garment—com-  
fortable, fashionable,  
smart for sports or casual  
wear. A beautiful gift for  
*any* occasion.



**HUDSON'S BAY** *Point*  
**BLANKET GARMENTS**

A QUALITY PRODUCT OF  
HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY



## FURNITURE FOR YOUR HOME

- Frigidaire Refrigerator and Electric Ranges
- Gurney Wood and Gas Stoves
- Easy Washing Machines
- White Sewing Machines
- Heintzman & Wilson Pianos
- Wurlitzer Electric Organ
- Victor, Decca & Columbia Records
- Music & Musical Instruments
- Victor, Philips & Electrohome Instruments

## H. C. Wilson & Sons Limited

"SHERBROOKE'S OLDEST STORE"

37-43 Wellington St., N.

Tel. 2-2627

Sherbrooke, Que.

## CODERE LTD.

Wholesale & Retail Hardware  
Sporting Goods



18 WELLINGTON N.      TELEPHONE 3-2501  
SHERBROOKE, QUE.

*Compliments*

*of*

J. A. PELLETIER  
& SON

FURRIERS

Furs, Suits, Coats



84 Wellington St. North  
Sherbrooke, Que.

Archibald Stalker, Q.C.  
T. P. Howard  
Alexander McT. Stalker

Cable Address "HUNTLIDUFF"  
Telephone Harbour 6169

## STALKER, HOWARD & STALKER BARRISTERS & SOLICITORS

TORONTO GENERAL TRUSTS BUILDING  
354 NOTRE DAME STREET W.

MONTREAL, 1

The answer is:  
**'My Bank'**  
is  
Canada's  
First Bank



**BANK OF MONTREAL**  
*Canada's First Bank*



WORKING WITH CANADIANS IN EVERY WALK OF LIFE SINCE 1817



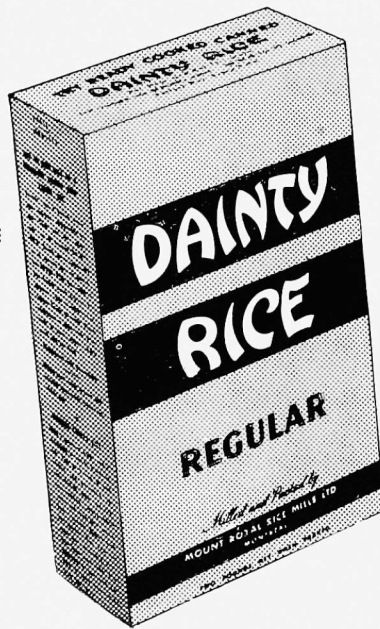
**PAGE-SANGSTER PRINTING CO. Limited**

15-19 ALBERT STREET

SHERBROOKE, QUE.

TELEPHONE 2-3831

# A TREAT TO EAT



Milled and Packed By  
**MOUNT ROYAL RICE MILLS LIMITED**  
MONTREAL

Compliments of

AUBERGE HILLCREST, INC.



NORTH HATLEY  
QUEBEC

GUY PERRON, Q.C.

ADVOCATE



507 Place d'Armes  
Montreal  
P. Q.

Records

VICTOR-DECCA-COLUMBIA-LONDON

HIS MASTER'S VOICE

TELEFUNKEN

Sheet Music



International  
Music Store Limited

1334 St. Catherine St. West  
Montreal 25

**APPLES**

and

MAPLE PRODUCTS

in Season



**E. B. CHAPLIN**

Abbotsford

Que.



*An "all-star" Cast . . .*

**METEOR  
MERCURY  
LINCOLN**

CUMMING PERRAULT LIMITED

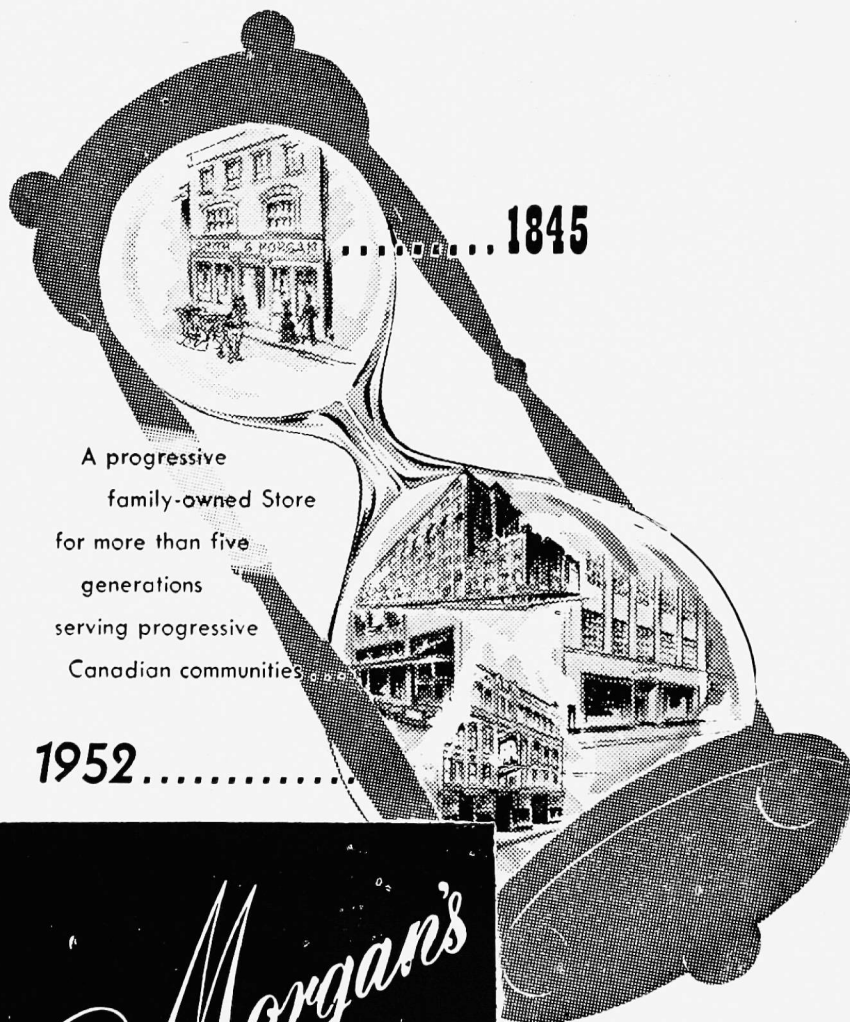
1640 ST. CATHERINE WEST (NEAR GUY)

FI. 2424

ESTABLISHED 1927

Compliments of

A FRIEND



..... 1845

A progressive  
family-owned Store  
for more than five  
generations  
serving progressive  
Canadian communities.....

1952.....



MONTREAL  
TORONTO  
OTTAWA

# BUDNING'S DRUG STORE



C. BUDNING and H. BUDNING  
Proprietors



Telephone 2-4773

25 WELLINGTON ST. NORTH  
SHERBROOKE, QUE.

UNIFORM  
QUALITY



*The Cream of Coffees*

*Processed exclusively for*

RESTAURANTS, HOTELS,  
CLUBS & INSTITUTIONS

STERLING TEAS & COFFEES  
LTD.  
MONTREAL

*Compliments of*

# W. A. BOWN

Mill and Cabinet Work

LUMBER YARD  
IN CONNECTION

Telephone 2-9511

LENNOXVILLE, QUE.

# Merino

2087 PEEL STREET  
MONTREAL, P.Q.



MERINO GIFT SHOP  
ALPINE INN  
STE MARGUERITE, P.Q.



MERINO GIFT SHOP  
STE ADELE LODGE  
STE ADELE, P.Q.



"LA BOUTIQUE"  
MONT TREMBLANT LODGE  
MONT TREMBLANT, P.Q.

COMPLIMENTS OF

GERARD COUILLARD

**General Contractor**

158 MAIN STREET

COATICOOK, QUE.

LEE PARK

**MODERN LOG CABINS**

HEATED - SHOWERS



ROUTE No. 22

COMPTON, QUEBEC



Compliments  
of  
A FRIEND



ROBERT GILBERT

BOUCHER—BUTCHER

Viande de Choix  
Choice Meat

Telephone 49 R 2

COMPTON, QUE.

PHARMACIE CHAGNON  
ENRG.

A. CHARPENTIER, B.Ph., L.Ph.



SHERBROOKE, QUE.

JOHN PENTLAND GILMOUR, Manager and Proprietor

THOMAS B. CRESSWELL, Asst. Manager

## THE FALKLAND FARM KENNELS

MONTREAL'S FINEST AND MOST MODERN  
BOARDING KENNELS

SPECIALISTS IN FEEDING  
EXCELLENT CARE & HOUSING  
and all Services for your Privileged Pets



Telephone: BYWATER 1323

9050 GOUIN BLVD. WEST (3½ miles West of Cartierville) - - - MONTREAL, QUE.

*See*

CRESSWELL POMEROY LIMITED

2425 GRAND BOULEVARD  
MONTREAL WA. 1142

*For* ALL-ALUMINUM GARAGES

A GIFT

FOR THE

*Graduate*



A watch from Birks  
is one of the most appropriate,  
most acceptable gifts for graduation.  
We've illustrated two models . .  
there are many other  
exclusive designs to choose from.



*Free insurance certificate  
given with each watch.*

A. Challenger, 17-jewel Swiss movement,  
14kt. gold case 125.00

B. Rideau, 17-jewel Swiss movement, 14kt.  
gold case 50.00

**BIRKS**  
JEWELLERS

COMPLIMENTS OF



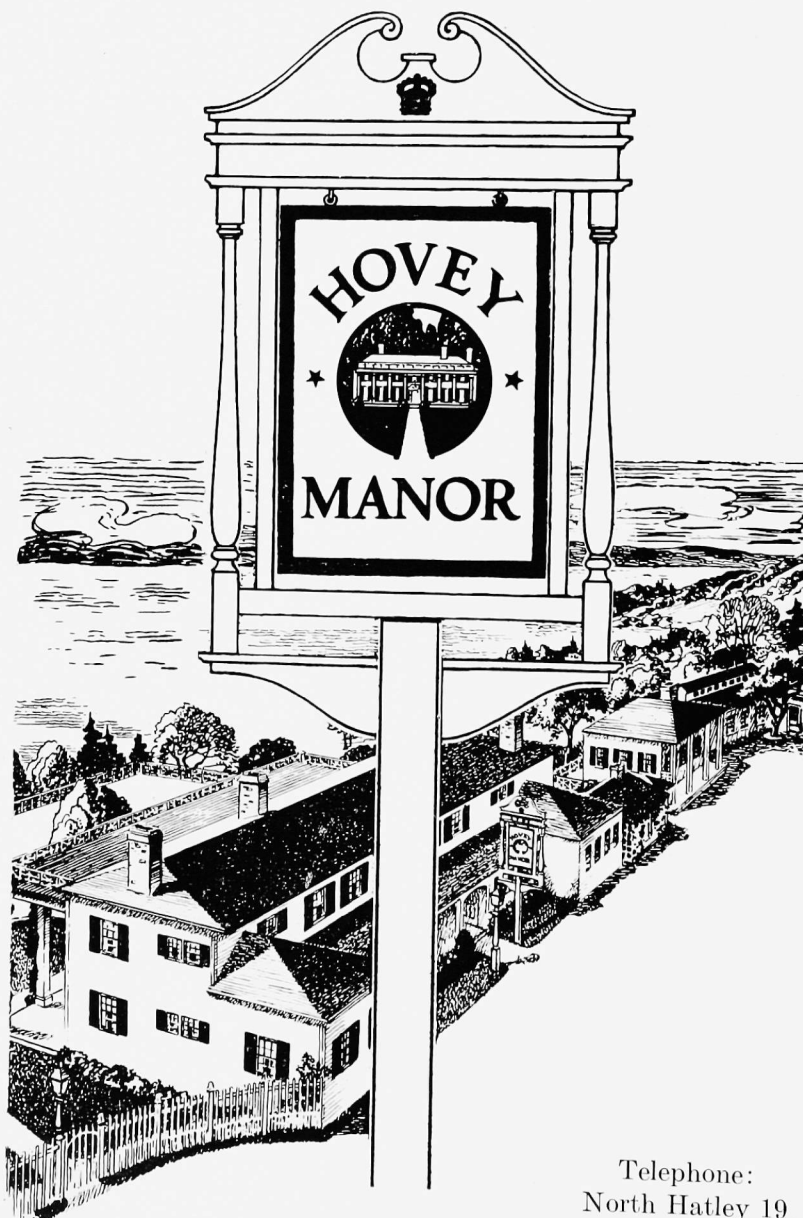
# FOR THE FINEST VACATION EVER!

## on Beautiful Lake Massawippi

King's Hall's own holiday haven, set in 30 lovely landscaped acres surrounded by private estates, Hovey Manor is planned and furnished in true Colonial tradition. It offers swimming, boating, tennis, fishing, golf, cocktail bar, sparkling cuisine, congenial clientele. Rates \$8 to \$12 per person per day, American Plan, for double occupancy; \$8 to \$15 per day for single occupancy; all rooms with running water, bath or shower; many with fireplace. Only 90 miles from Montreal by Route 1 to Magog, thence to North Hatley. By rail, C.P.R. to Magog or C.N.R. to Waterville, with trains met by appointment.

Make HOVEY MANOR your personal "private estate" when visiting the Eastern Townships.

For reservations, write  
ROBERT F. BROWN,  
Manager  
North Hatley, P.Q.



Telephone:  
North Hatley 19



John Milford & Son  
Reg'd.

FLORISTS



Members of the  
*Florists' Telegraph Delivery  
Association*

138 Wellington Street North, Sherbrooke, Que.  
Telephone 2-3757

*Let a Veteran take over  
your **Gift** Problems...*

A New UP-TO-DATE Store

ROAMER, TAVANNES, LONGINE  
WITTMAYER WATCHES

LIDO DIAMOND RINGS

SILVERWARE, JEWELLERY

CUTLERY AND CHINAWARE

COLLEGE RINGS AND PINS



*Watch Repairs our Specialty*

**Hart's Jewellery Shop**

Telephone 3-1484

27 Wellington N.

Sherbrooke



Geraldine Hebert

SEARS STUDIO

Photographs



134 Wellington N. Sherbrooke, Que.

*Compliments of*

Sheffield Shop

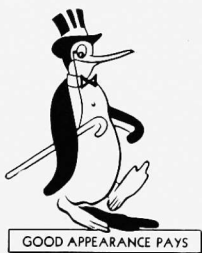
BOOKS and GIFTS

- TEXT BOOKS
- SCHOOL SUPPLIES
- PRIZES
- GREETING CARDS
- BOOKS AND GIFTS

8 Dufferin Ave.

Phone 2-0850

**SHERBROOKE LAUNDRY  
AND DRY CLEANERS LTD.**  
91 FRONTENAC STREET  
SHERBROOKE, QUE.



**TELEPHONE  
2-2633**

COMPLIMENTS OF

ROBERTO CARIDI



BARRANQUILLA, COLOMBIA  
SOUTH AMERICA

In acknowledgment of the  
Fine Efforts for  
EDUCATION IN FOREST CONSERVATION



*Sponsored by*  
THE CANADIAN FORESTRY ASSOCIATION  
THE QUEBEC FORESTRY ASSOCIATION  
THE EASTERN TOWNSHIPS FORESTRY ASSOCIATION  
*AND*  
THE 4-H CLUBS INC.

*A CANADIAN*

*Compliments of*

WIGGETT'S SHOE STORE

*High Grade Footwear since 1886*

94 Wellington North      Sherbrooke, Que.

*Compliments of*

A FRIEND

Redpath Realties Limited

SALES

MORTGAGE

RENTALS

INSURANCE

MANAGEMENT



TELEPHONE PL. 1104

2007 UNION AVENUE      MONTREAL

*Compliments of*

*Paul  
McKenna*  
FLORIST



10 DUFFERIN AVE.

TEL. 2-6765

SHERBROOKE, QUEBEC

*Compliments of*

NESBITT THOMPSON



TELEPHONE UN. 6-8771

**BURTON'S**  
*Limited*

*Booksellers and Stationers*

DOMINION SQUARE BUILDING

**1004 St. Catherine St. W.**  
**Montreal 2**

COMPLIMENTS OF

**UNION**  
**PETROLEUM CORPORATION**

MONTREAL

**TIRES & PETROLEUM PRODUCTS**

# *This is your world...*

And a new and complex world it is. You'll have to be right in there pitching every minute to lick it. Education, training, the ability to concentrate, should pay off as never before. Making the best of yourself with a good appearance promotes self-confidence, creates a good impression. So whether your starting point is college or a job, you'll get off to a better start when OGILVY'S style-right, fit-perfected clothes are part of your equipment.



**JAS. A. OGILVY'S LIMITED**  
ST. CATHERINE AND MOUNTAIN STREETS

## FURNITURE

*for*

● HOME ● OFFICE ● STUDY

# ECHENBERG BROS.

SHERBROOKE, QUE.

Sherbrooke News Company  
Inc.

BERTRAM D. LYON, PRESIDENT AND TREASURER

MAGAZINES

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

Phone 3-1466

74 Wellington St. North  
Sherbrooke, Que.

## Compliments of a Friend

*Compliments of*

## Grand-Mère Hand Crafts

J. Philip Dumaresq &  
Associates

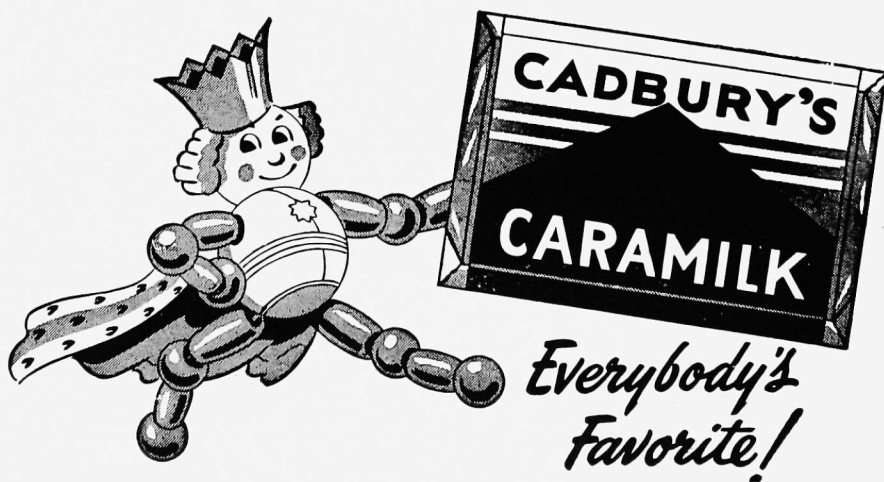
ARCHITECTS, ENGINEERS & PLANNERS

77 Upper Water St.

Halifax, N. S.

Compliments of  
Friends  
from  
COLORADO

Compliments of  
Friends  
from  
TEXAS





---

# EASTERN TOWNSHIPS LEADING HARDWARE STORE

## SPORTING GOODS

SPALDING GOLF CLUBS

BENTLEY TENNIS RAQUETS

EVENRUIDE OUTBOARD MOTORS

## APPLIANCES

MCClARY STOVES

KELVINATOR REFRIGERATORS

SUNBEAM TOASTERS

## CHINAWARE

WEDGEWOOD CHINA

ROYAL DOULTON FIGURINES

JOHNSON BROTHERS

1876



1952

COAL - COKE - FUEL OIL

---

COMPLIMENTS OF  
HAR-KING & COMPANY  
MANUFACTURERS' AGENTS  
AND DISTRIBUTORS  
  
Richmond Building  
LONDON — CANADA

J. E. O. CARON  
PHARMACIE — BOOK STORE  
  
❖  
Montebello P. Q.  
TEL. 384

# BELL ASBESTOS MINES LTD.



THETFORD MINES

QUEBEC

LE PAYSAN  
**WOOL SHOP**  
  
IMPORTED WOOLENS  
CANADIAN HANDICRAFTS  
  
MONTEBELLO, QUE.

*Compliments of*

A FRIEND

# Union Screen Plate Co. of Canada

LENNOXVILLE, QUE.

*With the Compliments of*

## THOMPSON & ALIX LTD.

SHERBROOKE  
THETFORD MINES  
MONTREAL

# A MESSAGE FROM EATON'S To All High School Graduates



There's a Future for you through these friendly doors. Merchandising as a career offers you:

- A wide variety of jobs, some in contact with the public and many others behind the scenes.
- Recognition of merit and unusual opportunities for promotion to supervisory positions.
- Reasonable starting wage rates and opportunities to attain a high financial goal.
- Well organized training-on-the-job.
- Good working conditions including association with congenial colleagues.
- Employee benefits, including staff cafeteria, recreational facilities and retirement pension.
- Keen satisfaction in daily work as a result of providing a vital service to the people who are your customers.

*You are invited to have a chat with one of  
our Consultants in the Employment Office*

**THE T. EATON CO. LIMITED**  
CANADA



Compliments of

DRUMMOND McCALL  
& CO. LIMITED



# Winsor & Newton London Colours

36 Colours Now in Stock

## PRICES

Series 1 - - 40c.

Series 2 - - 60c.

Series 3 - - 85c.

All Cadmium as Series 4 - \$1.35 each

Aluminum Easels - - - 22.00

Sketch Boxes - - - - 11.50 up



Cotton and Linen Canvas

Stock on hand

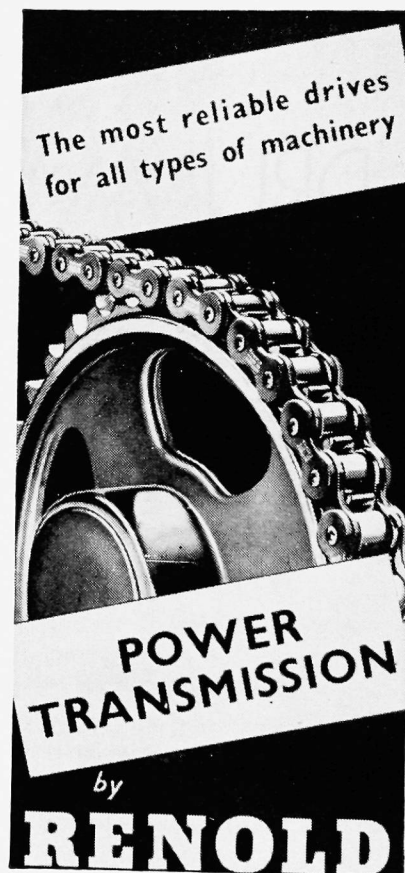
To suit your requirements



*C. R. Crowley*  
LIMITED  
THE PAINT MAN

Telephone PL. 4412

1387 ST. CATHERINE STREET WEST  
MONTREAL



Renold-Coventry Ltd.

1006 Mountain St.

Montreal (25)

*With the Compliments of*

Robert Hanson & Son

*Compliments of*

Donnacona Paper Co.

WESLEY W. I. NICHOL

HOWARD H. NICHOL



Wholesale and Retail

MEATS



TELEPHONE 2-1531

LENNOXVILLE, QUE.

*Compliments of*

Ralph Hunt & Co., Ltd.



*Compliments of*

MILLER PAVING LIMITED

Road Builders



TELEPHONE

GL. 7511

TORONTO, ONT.

*Compliments of*

# J. L. E. PRICE & COMPANY LIMITED

BUILDING & ENGINEERING CONSTRUCTION

MONTREAL

TORONTO

## MacDOUGALL & MacDOUGALL

M E M B E R S

Montreal Stock Exchange

Montreal Curb Market

Toronto Stock Exchange

Investment Dealers' Association of Canada

H. C. MacDOUGALL

V. A. B. LeDAIN

N.L.C. MATHER

*Private wires to*

Toronto, Quebec, New York

ALDRED BUILDING—507 PLACE D'ARMES

MONTREAL 1 QUEBEC

Tel. MARquette 5621



THE MACDONALD LASSIE

# Autographs

